

Includes the JUNIOR JOURNAL

October 15, 1983

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today





FRIENDS JOURNAL

October 15, 1983

Vol. 29, No. 15

Contents

Cover photo by Margaret Reynolds.

Among Friends: Filling Up the Front Rows

Vinton Deming	2
A Moment of Revelation Sandra T. Francis	3
Unplanned Pilgrimage Nancy Dawson	4
The Discovery of Love Peter Fingesten	6
Worship Zero Dean C. T. Bratis	8
Grandmother's Hands (a poem) Andrea Brazer-Rush	10
Trust Is the Second Mile John Burrowes	11
Twenty Do's and Don'ts for Visiting in Prison Allen D. Hanson	13
Paul Tillich—Quaker Theologian? Larry Ingle	14
Junior Journal	15
The Way of Friends Vesta Brownell McCullough	17
An AFSC Statement on the Korean Airlines Tragedy	21
Wilmer J. Young (a poem) Winifred Rawlins	28
Reports	19
AFSC Annual Meeting	23
Forum	24
Arts	26
World of Friends	26
Milestones	28
Classifieds	30

FRIENDS JOURNAL (ISSN 0016-1322) was established in 1955 as the successor to *The Friend* (1827-1955) and *Friends Intelligence* (1844-1955). It is associated with the Religious Society of Friends. It is a member of Associated Church Press.

STAFF

Vinton Deming, *Acting Editor-Manager*
Barbara Benton and John Davis Gummere, *Design*
Larry Spears, *Promotion/Circulation/Advertising*
Susan Hardee Norris and Phyllis Kline, *Typography*
Jeanne G. Beisel, *Secretarial Services*
James Nevell, *Bookkeeper*
Eve Homan, *Copy Editor*

Volunteers: Mary Erkes (*Office Assistance*); Jane Burgess (*Index*); Renee Crauder (*Editorial Assistance*).

BOARD OF MANAGERS: 1981-1984: Frank Bjornsgaard, Emily Conlon (*Assistant Clerk*), Mary Howarth, Marcia Paulin, William D. Strong (*Treasurer*), Thomas Swain, James D. Wilson. 1982-1985: John Breasted, Carol H. Brown (*Secretary*), Teresa J. Engeman, Norma P. Jacob, Herbert L. Nichols, Elizabeth B. Watson, Edward H. Worth III. 1983-1986: Peter Ainslie, Dean Bratis, Helen Morgan Brooks, Sol A. Jacobson, Leonard Kenworthy, Rowland K. Leonard, Mary Mangelsdorf, Linell McCurry. 1983-1984: Eleanor B. Webb (*Clerk*).

HONORARY MANAGERS: Eleanor Stabler Clarke, Mildred Binns Young.

FORMER EDITORS: Olcott Sanders, Susan Corson-Finnerty, Ruth Geibel Kilpack, James D. Lenhart, Alfred Stefferud, Frances Williams Brown, William Hubben.

*FRIENDS JOURNAL is published the first and fifteenth of each month (except January, June, July, August, and September, when it is published monthly) by Friends Publishing Corporation, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102. Telephone (215) 241-7277. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, PA, and at additional mailing offices.

* Subscription: United States and "possessions": one year \$12, two years \$23, three years \$34. Add \$4 per year for postage outside U.S. Foreign remittances should be in U.S. dollars or adjusted for currency differential. Single copies: \$1; samples sent on request.

* Information on and assistance with advertising is available on request. Appearance of any advertisement does not imply endorsement by FRIENDS JOURNAL.

Copyright © 1983 by Friends Publishing Corporation. Reprints of articles available at nominal cost. Permission should be received before reprinting excerpts longer than 200 words. Available in microfilm from University Microfilms International.

Postmaster: send address changes to FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

AMONG FRIENDS

Filling Up the Front Rows

One of my more enjoyable tasks as editor of the JOURNAL is having the opportunity to read the many Friends' publications. One of my favorites over the years has been *The Friend* (from London). Published weekly, it offers a variety of materials with a particularly British flavor.

I wonder if Friends saw the short note in the June 3 issue titled "Election Candidates"? It is a listing of Friends, attenders, and others closely associated with Friends who were candidates for the general election in England last summer. Listed are the names of 13 individuals (including two who had served in the last Parliament and who were "standing again," as the English would put it).

What an astonishing number, considering the relatively small number of Friends in Britain. As I saw the names I began to reflect upon politics on this side of the Atlantic and what seems like a small number of Friends who run for political office. Some might remind me that we have had two Quaker presidents in this century (Hoover and Nixon), but I shall leave that discussion for another time! And, no doubt, many Friends serve on school boards and assume other offices in local communities. But as I look at my own state legislature and at the membership of Congress, I see few Friends in that number.

Just now I feel the weight of the grim news that a record defense bill has been approved (\$187.5 billion for 1984). The president received approval for nearly all the weapons he requested—including the MX missile and nerve gas. How I wish that Friends could have been present in larger numbers to join in the "debate" on that bill. Perhaps the point could have been made that nerve gas and missiles will do very little to assure the safety of airline passengers over the Soviet Union. Or perhaps the statement by the American Friends Service Committee (see page 21) could have been read into the *Congressional Record*. I would like to think that the presence of more Friends (and their friends) in the halls of Congress early in September could have instilled a note of reason and sanity to the emotional jingoism which occurred as each representative tried to out-missile the next.

On a somewhat lighter note, let me share this from the Orlando (Fla.) Meeting newsletter:

It commonly occurs in our meeting for worship that the back row fills rapidly and the front row is left for the brave and the tardy. Recently Mary Figgins (a back rower) made what I thought was an enormously amusing comment just as meeting was starting: (*sotto voce*): "Well, I guess when we've worn out the back seats, we'll just have to sit in the front."

Sound familiar?

Vinton Deming

October 15, 1983 FRIENDS JOURNAL

A MOMENT OF REVELATION

by Sandra T. Francis

Sometimes life's great revelations come to us in simple ways. Sometimes, if we're lucky, they come to us early in life and illumine our way. Such a great revelation came to me in my back yard when I was seven.

My yard joined the yard of a large, white-frame, double dwelling. On one side of the double lived my best friend, Charlie, who was deaf and mute; on the other lived my worst friend, Dickie, who was a bully.

Charlie and I had grand times together. We devised a simple sign language between us. Often, however, I would jabber on and on, especially if I was upset about something, and he must have been able to read my face because he always responded in just the right way. If I was feeling silly, he would giggle; if I was angry and indignant, he would frown on my behalf; and if I was sad, Charlie would cry voluminously. We communicated through our feelings, and words were never missed. I do recall being asked by an adult why in the world I spent so much time with Charlie when he couldn't talk or anything. It was such an odd and pointless question, I don't think I responded at all.

One spring day Charlie and I were very busy carrying out a mission of mercy. We were hanging onto the branches of a young tree while standing on the fence that separated our yards. We had spotted a nest of baby birds, helpless little blobs of pink skin with large mouths attached. I don't know what made us decide that they were parentless and in need of help, but somehow we had taken it upon ourselves to save them. We thought to accomplish this by squashing ants and worms and gently pushing them down their little throats. You should note that this was a saintly effort on my part, for I hated both worms and ants and couldn't have been forced to touch them under normal circumstances. We kept at

this for hours, and finally, tired and frustrated, we flopped on the grass and took a break.

At this point Dickie and some of his little cronies appeared looking for my big brother. While I was talking to Dickie, Charlie climbed back up on the fence and resumed work. One of the little birds cooperated by actually swallowing an ant, which got Charlie very excited. You see, they hadn't been swallowing well at all. Sometimes the ants, if not thoroughly squashed, would



© Jean Price Norman

crawl back out of their mouths, and the worm pieces wouldn't go down either. Charlie had every right to be excited, and he began to make sharp, unintelligible squawking sounds.

I was about to explain to Dickie why Charlie was so wound up, but before I could, Dickie started squawking and mocking my friend, and all his little buddies joined in. I was *furious* and I did what I always did with dumb Dickie, I ignored him. I turned my back and started to join my pal on the fence, but when I looked up I saw the expression on his face and the tears in his eyes. He had understood that Dickie was mocking him (Charlie *always* understood things). In all the years since, I have never seen a face look so vulnerable, so bewildered, so hurt.

Something went through me like a hot knife, and I turned on Dickie and punched him in the nose. This was a thing I had never done before. I was, after all, a girl, and girls don't do such things. More significantly, I was the youngest in my family and therefore had no one to punch, but I had seen plenty of saloon brawls in the Westerns at our neighborhood movie house and so I knew just how.

Before my eyes Dickie the bully crumpled up into something tragic. The picture of him is as vivid in my mind as if this all happened minutes ago. I can

see the fear in his eyes—they were brown eyes—with the eyelashes blinking wildly to keep back the tears. His lower lip was trembling, and there were little dots of sweat on his upper lip. A trickle of blood descended slowly from his left nostril. I even remember the cracking sound my fist made when it hit his nose and the way my hand got red and hurt for hours afterward. He was wearing a shabby green-checked shirt and had a homemade crew cut which left his ears sticking out like lopsided handles on a jug. He seemed suddenly very thin. His skinny arms hung down from his sleeves with clenched fists at the end of them.

That poor little ugly face with the blood trickle will probably haunt me forever along with the regret for what I did.

I was horrified at first by what had happened, and I felt so sorry for Dickie. Then I remembered Charlie and the reason for my rage in the first place and my concern for Dickie seemed disloyal, which made me feel guilty. I was so torn between feeling angry, horrified, sorry, and guilty that I just burst into tears. So there we were, the three of us, Charlie on the fence, Dickie with his bloody nose, and me in the middle, bawling our heads off.

Thus came the moment of revelation. I knew then, surely and irrevocably, that violence was a horrible thing that only made matters worse, and I wanted no part of it.

I wish I could have known then what I know now. Maybe I would have stopped myself, backed off, and looked a little closer at Dickie the bully. I would have looked at his parents who, when they weren't ignoring him, were hitting him. I would have looked at that horde of brothers and sisters he was always lost in the middle of and I would have found a lonely little boy who wanted attention but didn't know a thing about being nice to people. Dickie was a bully because bullying was all he knew.

And so, to my lost friends, if by some miracle you should read this: Charlie, thank you for teaching me everything I know about understanding; and Dickie, who taught me too, I'm sorry I hit you and I haven't hit anyone since. □

Sandra T. Francis is a registered nurse and a founding member of Dayton (Ohio) Friends Meeting. Her work has been mainly with handicapped children.

UNPLANNED PILGRIMAGE

“Why do you come here to teach English with Omaira in the city? Please tell me everything, la Meesteria. There is no one here who knows.”

by Nancy Dawson

Red Colombian clay sucked at my shoes as I struggled up the mountain path. The sun's near-equator intensity seemed powerless to dry the oozing ground. Moisture hung in the still air. Perspiration dripped off my cheeks, landing on my already drenched blouse. In the coffee-growing district of Antioquia, this was known as the dry season.

A barefoot boy carried my bundle; a joking campesino grabbed my hand from above; and an older woman in a spotless pink dress boosted me from behind. I made it over one more difficult spot. Panting, I longed to be either on the mountaintop or in the village below, not here where I must continue.

We took a rest stop at a farmhouse—low white adobe, with red-tiled roof. As the stranger from another country, I became the honored guest. A girl brought me a gourd-scoop of water. A woman appeared at my side with a cool, damp cloth, speaking a torrent of Spanish I couldn't fully comprehend.

We continued on our journey. The clatter of hooves on the path ahead alarmed me. How many? What to do? We flattened ourselves against the steep embankment on the side of the path.

“Buenas tardes,” the lone horseback rider greeted us, as his horse slowly picked out a stable footing. The horse's tail flicked across my shoulder.

“Buenas tardes,” we replied. They vanished around the next curve.

Our companions turned off the main path to their own white adobe farmhouses. “It is with gratitude that I have known you,” these new acquaintances told me.

Nancy Dawson lived in Colombia for three months in 1981. She is a member of Boulder (Colo.) Friends Meeting.

“Vaya con Dios (go with God),” a man said as he flicked his three-foot sheathed machete to the side of his waist.

We three, Omaira, her father, and I,

reached the mountaintop farmhouse of el Viejo (the Old One) at dusk. He is the great-uncle of Omaira and lives with Antonia, his elderly sister. Having delivered us to their care, Omaira's



Nancy Dawson



Nancy Dawson

Schoolboys in the village.

*"In your country,
everyone is rich,
is it so?
How much milk
does the best
cow give?
Ahhh, with such
cows, then
everyone is
rich, no?"*

father left for the village below.

Omaira and I sat on a wooden bench in the L-shaped courtyard, leaned against the cool adobe wall, and rested from the climb. El Viejo sat down at my side. The lush, green mountains dropped off before us, gradually disappearing as the darkness settled in. The crucifix and statues of saints in the courtyard held the light minutes longer than the mountains, beckoning me to gaze on their images. Then, everything was dark.

"Vaya con Dios," I whispered secretly to the vanishing icons. Silence. Peace. My breathing slowed. It was as though we three and the statues sat in Quaker meeting. We held the silence until Antonia summoned us to supper.

Now el Viejo had a torrent of questions. "Did you walk here from your country? No? You came by airplane? Ahhh, did you sit on the wing as it came through the sky?"

Antonia passed our supper out the

kitchen window to a sheltered table. We ate beef charred over the open cooking pit, rice, fried plantains, green peppers, and bowls of chocolate.

El Viejo stared intently at me, pulling near in the blackness. A candle lit his face from below. His forehead was deeply lined, his thin cheeks smooth and firm, leather-brown from the sun and his part-Indian heritage. Gray stubble grew in patches on his chin. It was his eyes that held my attention: dark brown, hovering on the verge of mirth, always searching, observing.

"You tell me you grew up near mountains. Why do you not grow your own coffee? Are there no jobs in your country? Why do you come here to teach English with Omaira in the city? Please tell me everything, la Meesteria. There is no one here who knows."

"La Meesteria." El Viejo had seen two foreigners in his life before me, both men of authority in the coffee business. As they were "los meesters" (the misters), clearly I must be "la Meesteria."

"We'll go to bed now," Omaira told me after supper. "Country people go to bed early, you know. And Antonia will be angry if el Viejo stays up chattering. He needs his rest."

Antonia made our bed with white sheets softened by years of washing against the cement blocks behind the house. The edges of the sheets bore her elaborate embroidery. Omaira and I groped our way into the hard, narrow bed as Antonia took her candle into the adjoining bedroom. Thick wooden shutters covered the window, holding back the night's coolness.

El Viejo entered and placed his candle in the holder on the wall. Red robes of post card saints glimmered in the wavering light. A wooden crucifix, rosary beads dangling from the crosspiece, cast a sideways shadow toward me. Earthen floors, icons on the walls, stillness, cave darkness broken by a small flame, the old man. I peeked out from under the covers, vaguely wondering which century I was experiencing.

"Pretend you are asleep, or he will start again," Omaira counseled in our secret language, English. Instead, I looked in his direction, intending to beckon him nearer. But he was already seated in a chair drawn to our bedside. His features were hidden in a hat-brim

shadow. His left eye caught and held the glint of candlelight as he turned to address me.

"In your country, everyone is rich, is it so? How much milk does the best cow give? Ahhh, with such cows, then everyone is rich, no? How can I get a pair of your best cows here in our mountains?"

"Come to bed, Old One," Antonia ordered from the adjoining room. "Give la Meesteria some peace."

He is. He does, I silently protested.

In my sleep, I dreamed of falling through a crack in the red clay earth to another place and time, where red-robed saints held candles beneath their twinkling eyes.

The shrill ring of el Viejo's alarm clock broke into my dreams. It was five a.m., and el Viejo went out into the darkness to find and feed his horse. This, he was sure, was the horse's preferred eating hour. And, el Viejo reasoned, his was an old horse who had worked hard and should now be humored in his wants. "We are modern here," el Viejo said with a grin at breakfast, rewinding his alarm clock.

After eating mangoes, buñuelos (fried dough balls), tangerines, and bowls of chocolate, we walked around the farm grounds. El Viejo talked of coffee. He pointed out an open-air, tin-roof structure, supported by poles.

"This shelter is where we put the sheets of drying coffee beans during the rains. If you let a little rain fall on the beans, they will spoil. You must take care. The district worker once came to me to learn the secret of Antioquian coffee," he continued. "We grow the best coffee in all Colombia. And I am el Viejo, so he should come to me."

"I showed him our drying method—single layers of beans in the sun, turning the beans every half day. He said we should mechanize, dry the beans with machines. Ahhh, but this is our secret, using the warmth of the sun as we always have. The district worker left angry, because our secret was too slow for him, and I would not take his advice."

We walked to nearby farmhouses, so the neighbors could meet la Meesteria. El Viejo pointed with pride to the growing things along the way—bananas, mangoes, orchids, maracabas (passion fruits). He handed me a cluster of green cherry-sized fruits. "These are mar-

"I prefer to meet God here, on the mountain. There are many paths to the same place, are there not, la Meesteria?"

macios," he explained. "Especially for the hot and tired traveler. You eat them like so." He bit the tough skin and dropped the green shell to the ground. A smooth pink fruit flesh remained. "Suck one while it remains sweet. Spit it out when the sweetness changes to bitterness. The same in life, no?"

In the afternoon, we sat on the steps of his store, which he opens when a neighbor wants to buy soda pop or some other item el Viejo and his horse have brought up from the village below.

"I watch the school from here," el Viejo told me. "The teacher only comes six times in as many months, and then teaches nothing. I tell him I know and I watch, even though I only went through two years of school. I complain to the district school superintendent, who does nothing. They all want our children to know nothing, so we will keep planting and drying the coffee. If the children go to school, and to the cities, then who will grow their coffee for such low prices?"

I asked questions about the politics of education and coffee, about power and control in the district. El Viejo turned to Omaira.

"You tell me she comes from the country of the meesters. But Omaira, I think you are wrong. La Meesteria is very smart; she understands. How can this be? Ahhh, it is a large country, so they come from different regions, yes?"

Laughing, Omaira told el Viejo, "The new school superintendent for this district was my teacher in the village below. Now his office is in the city, but he still cares about this country and these campesinos. I will visit him, and he will give you a new teacher."

"You see," el Viejo said, turning to address the schoolhouse, "I am not yet too old. I do useful things in this world." He rubbed his hands together, indicating the finish of the present teacher, spat a marmacio pit on the ground, and glanced significantly at the pit, then the schoolhouse.

We returned to the house, passing the saints and crosses in the courtyard. Rusting cans of flowering pink and red geraniums paid homage at the statues' feet.

"You say you are not Catholic, but of some other religion," said el Viejo, following my glance. "Do you have many statues of saints at your parents' house? No?"

"Well," he continued, "my sister likes to attend mass in the village church every Sunday. She tries to meet God there, in the church. I prefer to meet God here, on the mountain. There are many paths to the same place, are there not, la Meesteria?"

I nodded, thinking that there are many wise Old Ones on many mountaintops if we can quiet ourselves enough to notice.

Again Omaira, el Viejo, and I sat in the late afternoon shade of the courtyard. I glanced at el Viejo. His eyes were closed, his body relaxed. Taking his cue, I quieted myself and settled into the silence. After some time, I heard approaching footsteps, then Antonia chatting with Omaira's father. It was time to return to the village.

"Vaya con Dios," el Viejo blessed me at our parting.

"Vaya con Dios," I replied. □



Nancy Dawson

by Peter Fingesten

The term *love*, like *God*, is an inexhaustible term. It is a wide-open concept that cannot be restricted by definitions. Love is an indivisible energy that encompasses all levels, from the most physical to the most spiritual. It initiates us into the mysteries of life and is creativity par excellence. Love is the supreme gift which changes the giver as well as the recipient.

The earliest appearance of a spiritual god in history who was at the same time monotheistic and universal was in Egypt during the 18th Dynasty at the court of Tell-El-Amarna during Ikhnaton's reign in the 14th century B.C. It is he who raised the solar disk Aton to a supreme position.

The young king conceived of himself as seer and prophet and proclaimed his faith in his monotheistic god with exquisite hymns:

*There is no other knoweth thee
save thy son Ikhnaton.*

Thou hast made him wise

In thy designs and in thy might. . . .

*May my eyes be satisfied daily with
beholding him.*

*When he dawns in this house of Aton
and fills it with his own self by
his beams,*

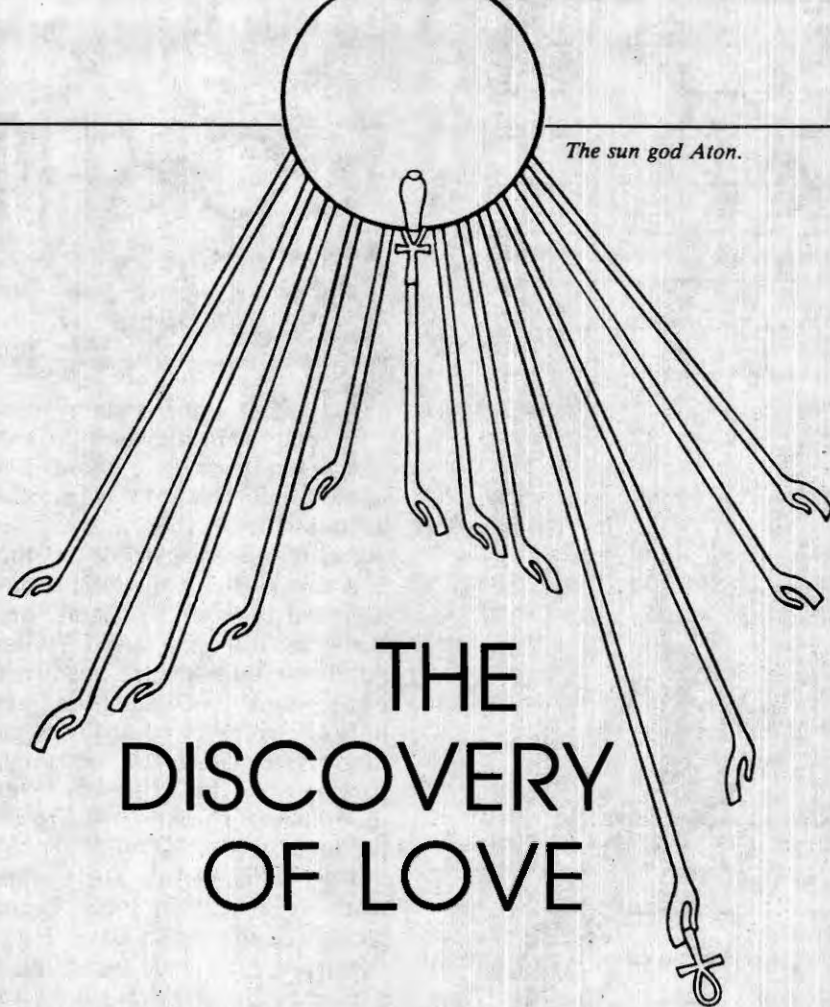
*beauteous in love, and lays them
upon me*

In satisfying life for ever and ever.

As a consequence of his beliefs, Ikhnaton offered no resistance whatever when Syrian armed forces invaded and reduced his kingdom. In addition to being the first monotheist, he also has the honor of being the first pacifist as well. Indeed, he was a contemplative who rarely ventured outside his palace. His vision of a loving god may have contributed to his refusal to fight.

Ikhnaton's monotheistic revolution preceded Moses by about 70 years, reckoning the Exodus to about 1280 B.C., according to William Foxwell Albright, when monotheism was already extir-

Peter Fingesten is professor and chairman of the art and music department at Pace University. He is a member of 15th Street (N.Y.) Monthly Meeting.



The sun god Aton.

THE DISCOVERY OF LOVE

ated by his son-in-law Tut-Ankh-Amon and the priesthood of Amon, who considered Ikhnaton a criminal and their enemy. The idea of monotheism and of a loving god went underground for a while, still remembered and perhaps practiced secretly by disciples of Ikhnaton, which would account for the years between Ikhnaton and Moses, who grew up in a Pharaoh's court (Exod. 2:10).

Ikhnaton's hymn to his monotheistic god Aton:

*How manifold are thy works!
They are hidden before men
O sole God, beside whom there is no
other.
Thou didst create the earth according
to thy heart.*

Hymn to the loving god:

*Thou risest beautifully, O living
Aton, Lord of eternity;
Thou art glittering, beautiful, strong;
Thy love is great and mighty.
Thy rays furnish vision to every one
of your creatures,*

*The glowing hue brings life to the
hearts of men,
When thou hast filled the Two lands
with thy love. . . .*

(James H. Breasted, trans.)

*Aton is shown
hovering over
Ikhnaton and
his mother
Tiye.*



Since Moses means "child" in Egyptian, reminiscent of the 18th Dynasty Ahmose and Thutmose, he may have been an Egyptian noble who "chose" the Jews to carry these two precious ideas beyond the pale of Egypt. Be this as it may, he entrusted monotheism—"Thou shalt have no other gods before me" (Exod. 20:3)—and the idea of a loving God—"He will love thee, and bless thee, and multiply thee. . . ." (Deut. 7:13)—to the Jews, who preserved them until Christianity diffused them in an even more spiritualized form to the world.

The essential difference between the Egyptian, Jewish, and Christian concepts is that Ikhnaton's and Moses' God *has* love while Jesus' God *is* love.

The God of Moses still has a love-hate relationship to his people. Should they refuse to listen to his injunctions and laws, he threatens them:

*I will bring war in vengeance upon you,
vengeance irrevocable under cove-
nant . . . (Lev. 26:25)*

*In all their affliction, he was afflicted, and
the angel of his presence saved them; in
his love and in his pity he redeemed them.
. . . But they rebelled and grieved his
holy Spirit; therefore he turned to be their
enemy, and himself fought against them.
(Isa. 63:9-10)*

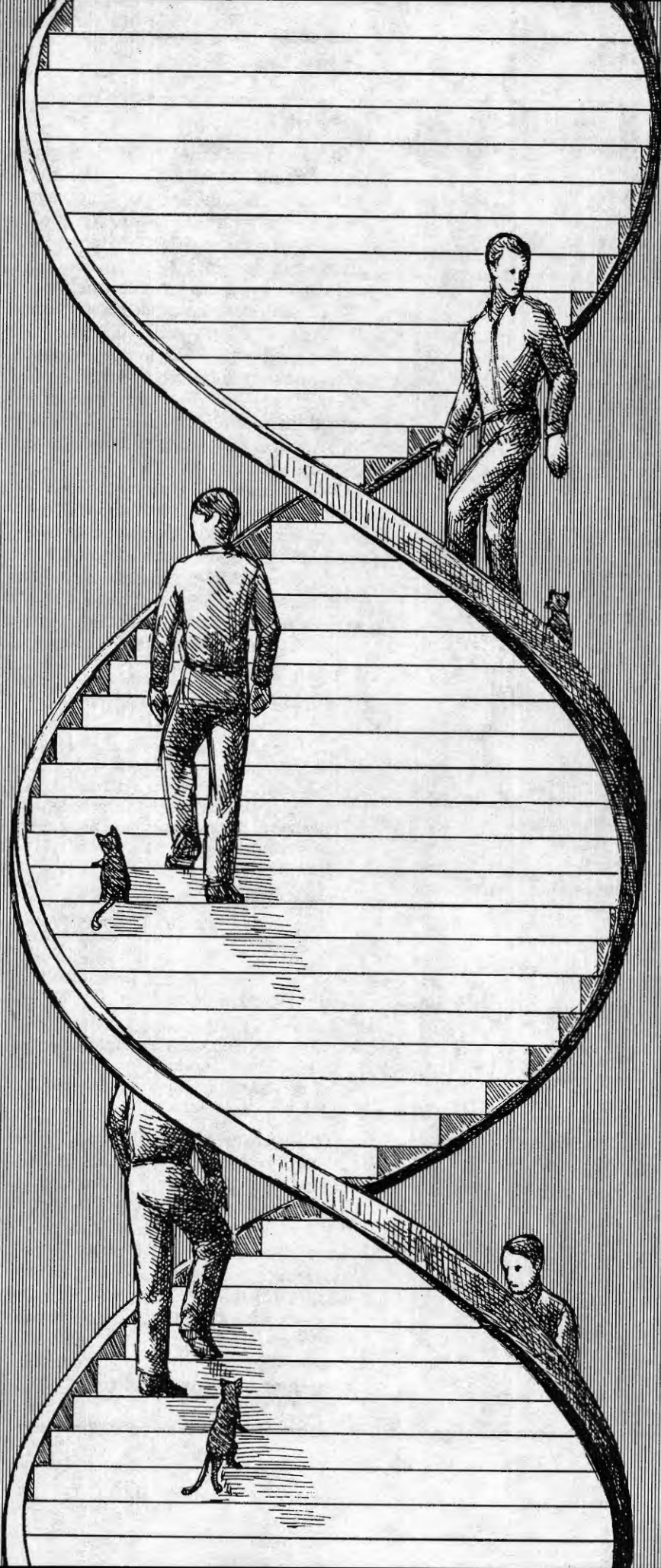
The Christian concept of love is that God not only loves all of humanity but is love itself.

*. . . the God of love and peace shall be
with you. (2 Cor. 13:11)*

*Beloved, let us love one another: for love
is of God; and every one that loveth is
born of God, and knoweth God.
He that loveth not knoweth not God; for
God is love. (1 John 4:7-8)*

This proves the evolution or, in Quaker religious terms, continuing revelation of the concept of divine love from Ikhnaton to Moses and Jesus.

It took countless millenia to discover the mysteries of physical love, and thousands more to conceptualize a monotheistic, loving God, leading finally to the climax that God is love. When God was finally recognized to be love itself, this concept became mystical, irradiating everything like a spiritual sun. □



WORSHIP ZERO

The sound of crunching bones has plagued me for years. It happened on a night long ago as I drove home from a lecture. It is hard to react at those terrible speeds, in the dead of night. There were no roadside lights, only a narrow shaft of artificial daylight afforded by my high beams. Beyond, there was only blackness. Those hypnotic headlights and the steady droning of tires going round and round were my only consciousness. I had been propelling myself along this superhighway, carving out a path through fields and mountains for what seemed to be half the night.

Then it happened. For an instant, from the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of suppleness. It all happened so fast. Before I could even think about swerving to avoid this night creature, it was over. The car scarcely reacted; after all, a cat is hardly a match for 2,000 pounds of steel at such speeds. But the sound of crunching bones must have vibrated every molecule of metal that surrounded me. It was useless to go back; there was no hope. Even if I could find it in that blackness, it surely had been killed instantly. All that was left for me was to drive on and to cry. I did both.

My thoughts ran quickly to the others I had killed. There had been a baby rabbit torn asunder by a neighborhood cat that woke me with its childlike wailing. It was beyond help, and it fell on me to be the executioner of mercy. The act caused me considerable insomnia and an unnatural aversion to children's cries.

A bird flung at my feet after it had collided with the hood of an oncoming car had been another time. This poor, maimed creature was never to grace the air again. Blood trickled from its mouth and nostrils as it made desperate efforts simply to breathe. I couldn't stand to see

Dean C. T. Bratis, a member of Uwchlan (Pa.) Friends Meeting, is associate professor of zoology at Delaware County Community College. He also serves on the FRIENDS JOURNAL Board of Managers.

John Gummere

October 15, 1983 FRIENDS JOURNAL

by Dean C. T. Bratis

it suffer a slow, agonizingly painful death. I picked it up and gently wrapped my fingers around its neck. As we looked at each other I thought, for an instant, that it knew my intent. I could feel its body relax in my hand. I squeezed quickly and it was over. But not for me.

They have all plagued me, these isolated murders I've committed. Somehow they connected; I knew that intuitively. But it wasn't clear how, at least not until that awful dream. We often repress dreams like that one. We ascribe them to unconscious demons venting themselves to clear our souls so we can behave in civilized ways during our waking hours. But Kelsey suggests that God talks to us in dreams. He says that we should record them while they are fresh in our minds, for their meanings may reveal themselves later. There was no need to record this dream. I will remember every detail for the rest of my life.

I was climbing a long, wide, stone stairway outside a building of Greek design. The climb was difficult and laborious, with progress measured in inches but fatigue in yards. A cat bounded quickly up to my level and rubbed against my leg as cats are prone to do. I bent down and gently pushed it away. But they are persistent creatures, these cats, and it came back time and again. Finally, suffering all the indignity I could bear, I delivered a swift kick that sent it reeling down the steps. But there it was again. By now I was seething at this obstruction to my task. With all my might I reached down and delivered a crushing blow to the skull that split it in two. I glanced down to find a bloody, pulpy mixture oozing from the creature's skull.

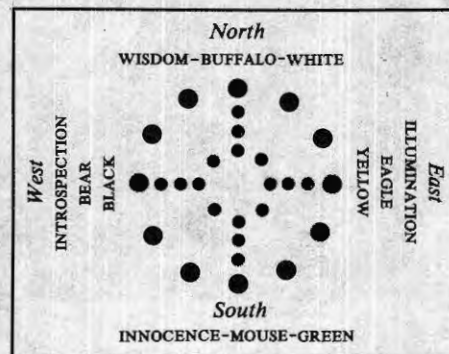
I remained transfixed as it began to change shape. I could not contain my grief. It had transformed into a mortally wounded infant. I reached down and caressed this pathetic child, assuring it that I would make everything better, all the while knowing that I couldn't pos-

sibly help. My tears poured out in torrents as I stroked the bloody remains of an ebbing life.

And there it was, in a dream, the full circle. There was an instant transformation of one life form into another. We are not cats or people. Taxonomic divisions are artificial. We are all creatures, somehow reflecting a common life force. I am convinced as I lay my head where my cat had laid hers that my dreams and hers are the same. Songwriter Joe Henry has written:

*I passed one who had slain
thousands
And thousands more thronged at
his side
And granted him a life of peace.
And I passed one who had saved
thousands
And one more came and sat by his
side
And played to him, on an ancient
lyre.
And the slayer and the savior were
one man
And the throngs who attended the
first
And the one who sang for the last
were one man
And we are him.*

Each piece is part of the whole, while the whole is revealed in each part. My murders have somehow diminished that whole; perhaps that's what plagues me.



Plains Indians Medicine Wheel (see page 10)

In a world taken up with materialism, both in science and society, we are intrigued by infinity and dissection. Perhaps it is at the other end of the spectrum, where Joe Henry writes, that our answers are to be found. Perhaps it is zero and the holism it symbolizes that we should worship.

Even in the natural world we find hints of zero. The whole of life is in continuum, from its geologic beginnings to its unfathomable future. We often speak of the immutability of rock and how its permanence outlasts life. But, in a real sense, it is life that transcends the rock and connects each geologic age with the next. The mountains are destined to crumble to the very dust from which they've risen. But life continues on. We are connected, you and I, with that first aggregate of molecules which in some primal waters dared to call itself a cell.

In another sense, we are on the verge of coming full circle in the evolution of life; from the Age of Bacteria that holds our history to an Age of Bacteria that holds our hopes. It now appears that life on Earth was once exclusively bacterial. If the recent paleontological discoveries are to be believed, a full 25 percent or more of the history of life was bacterial. It may well be, then, that our circle, in the biological world, began with bacteria.

Only now, as if to complete the circle, they bring to us, their progeny, the promise of a new age. Recombinant DNA research has created bacteria that can manufacture human insulin and others that can devour oil spills. Visions of feeding the world's hungry and cleaning our lands may become realities if bacteria can be coaxed into helping plants make their own nitrogen. This would make fertilizers, which are expensive and polluting, obsolete. There may even be bacteria that could clean our chemical dumps and polluted waters. The ills of humanity are legendary, but the cures may now be promised under

the guise of the very microbes from which life began.

And so the history of life may not be linear at all but may, in this sense at least, be circular. Even in the natural world, it appears that we are being led to zero.

But what if we venture beyond the "natural world"; what of zero there? Kahlil Gibran, the great Lebanese philosopher, speaks to our singularly common and plaguing condition: the fear of losing the ocean of light and drowning in the darkness. He speaks to that condition by telling us of circles. He says "... when we walk in the deepest shadows it is because we've turned away from the sun." We need to come full circle if we are, once again, to be bathed in the light.

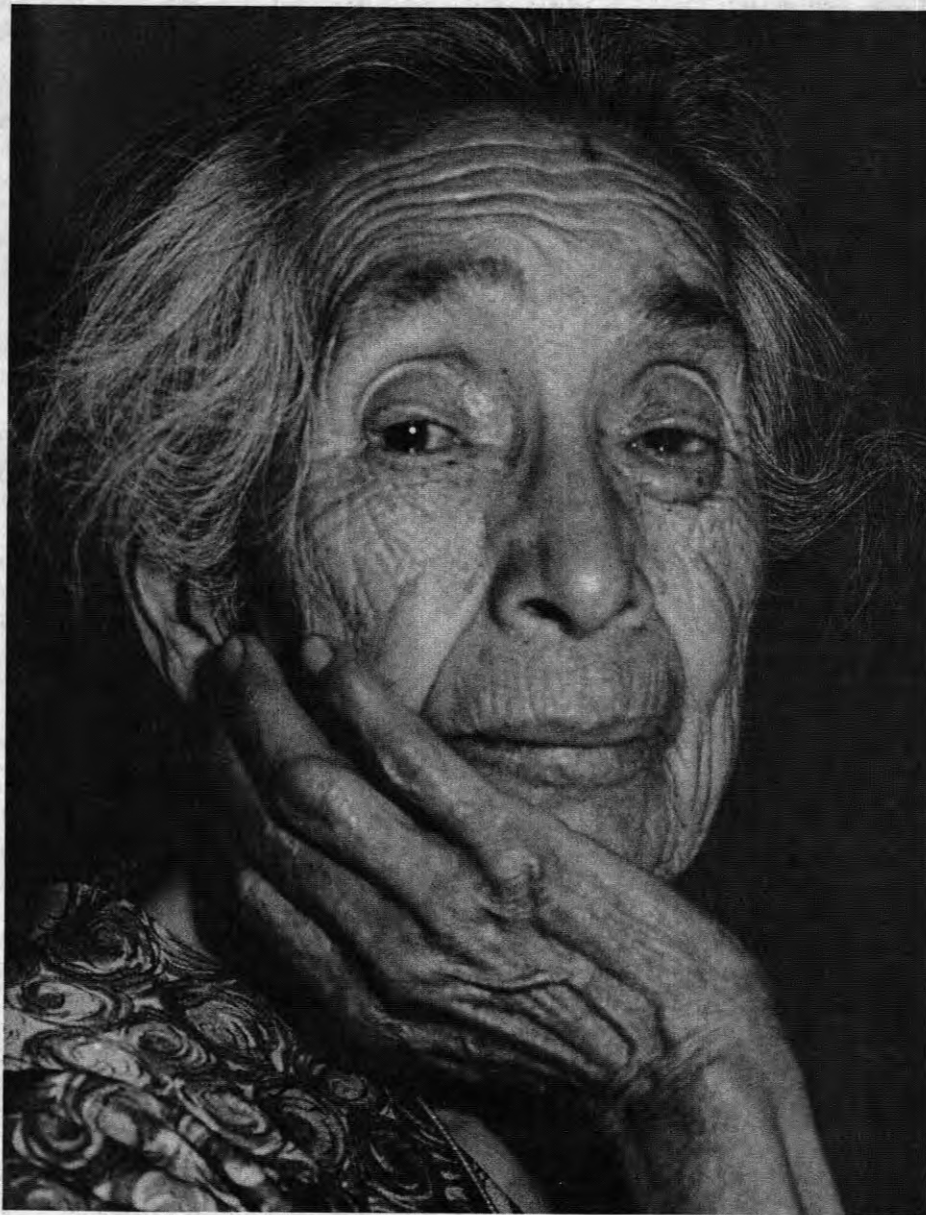
The Plains Indians also had a strong belief in zero. The medicine wheel on page 9 has four major directions, each with its own special perspective. We are all born on a particular place on the wheel. This remains, throughout life, our easiest way of perceiving. However, if we stay there, we are forever destined to be but partial persons. Each point, seen in isolation, implies its own liability. It is only by coming full circle that we can hope to understand the universe.

In our own Christian tradition, Jesus speaks to us of zero, too. He says, "Love one another as I have loved you. As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love" (John 15:9). He prescribes for us a circle of unconditional love and forgiveness. And for him this was the ultimate commandment—a circle of love meant to encompass the whole of humanity.

I am convinced that the ramifications of this view are as numerous as the people who choose to join the circle. This makes the implications of the "zero way" for eradicating the blights of humanity virtually endless.

There is a view of life in this perspective that transcends all religions, philosophies, sciences, and ideologies. Many of us see only pieces of the circle and may be tempted to "... cast blame upon the seasons for their inconsistencies." But in the withered leaves and the muted desperation of one season lies, in quiet repose, the fullness of the next. Perhaps we must learn to walk them through a full cycle. Only then will their meaning become clear. □

Grandmother's Hands



Theodore B. Hetzel

From a Prison Counselor's Notebook:

Trust Is the Second Mile

by John Burrowes

I have in my own heart.

George was an older man with seven years still to go on his conviction for second-degree murder. Each day he had to tell someone about his crime, as though he wanted to believe in his innocence while we all stood on the edge of a pit of guilt. Had he been drunk? Did he aim the car at his wife? How did his little boy get killed? Witnesses heard him say, "I want to know about my little boy. I don't give a damn about my wife!" And days and years went by while a miserable man sought to trust himself. It was not surprising that his wife divorced him later. He was a skilled person who had plenty of job possibilities, but when and where would restoration begin on his life and his soul?

One day I forgot to remove my pocket knife before entering the prison. I sat in the chapel, aware of this minor infraction. One man leaned over and told me that there had been a bad knifing in the prison that morning and that a major "shake-down" had occurred before lunch. Suddenly my knife had an odd feeling in my pocket. More men came in and the service began. The atmosphere was a haze of fear and anxious waiting. No one seemed able to concentrate on the hymns and the service at hand. The burden of what needed to be said and what couldn't be said was unbearable.

As we left that day, the guards were leading off two men in handcuffs to be put in solitary in another prison unit. The other men stood and watched with scorn, hatred, and sarcasm on their faces, but I could not tell for whom these feelings were meant. In prison no one is allowed the luxury of feeling right about things, but lots of people try.

"But, John, why worry? They're just a bunch of losers," I heard one friend say at the dinner table.

Losers, perhaps so, but I only wish I could make what they lose. The cost of

Joe was a thief. When I met him in prison, he had become a Christian. There were three years left for him to waste in the cell block. He attended the course on small engines and spent the rest of the daytime hours hiding in the prison library. By this means he hoped to stay out of trouble that might lead to an extension of his stay. He tried the general education course, but with a bare seventh-grade education he had a very hard time with it. Math was too difficult.

In about another year, he learned that his wife was divorcing him. He was almost completely crippled by this blow at first. Lonely desperation seemed the theme of his life. Then he developed his plan. Somehow he would get \$5,000 to start a business in small engine repair. With such a business he might be able to break the pattern of his life. Six months later he was shifted to an "honor grade" camp, and about a year after that, he was paroled out of state.

Did he get the money he needed? Is he working? Does he have a family now? Each question needed someone's trust for an answer, and each question was the choice of establishing life on the outside or of slipping back to the old pattern. I have lost touch with him.

Trust is not easily associated with prisons. The walls, the bars, the guns, the mace, the frowns, the blank faces, even the smiles are suspicious. The habits of suspicion run deep in all of us, but prisoners can almost taste it in their mouths. When I first visited a prison I felt badly about the locks and walls and bars. Later I could see suspicion as the more permanent wall. It is a wall that

John Burrowes, a former teacher in several Friends schools, is a furniture-maker. He attends Celo (N.C.) Monthly Meeting.

As a child
I stared at the stiff, gnarled fingers of
Grandmother's hands.

Her arthritic, articulate fingers
Telling me stories of
Plucking chickens, taking in ironing,
Tying dahlia stems.

Twirling her wedding rings
Pushing down lumpy blue veins,
I was wondering.

Would I have
Grandmother's hands?

Thick, stiff fingers
Performed impossible tasks
Threading needles, deftly braiding
hair,
Softly caressing my small hand
'Til I was fast asleep.

All the while
I was wondering.
Would I have
Grandmother's hands?

As a mother,
Children swirl my wedding bands
While I spin new tales and knit
new yarns.

The children stare
At the stiff, gnarled fingers of
My grandmother's hands.

And wonder.

—Andrea Brazer-Rush



the crime, the peace officers, the court, the prison, and the rest of it all is more than we can afford and more harmful than we know. All of these expenses are the evidence of suspicion and mistrust, and the pattern will not be altered without fundamental change. Of course, we need to change the system, and we need to provide the instruments of success for the prisoners, but none of the means will be very effective without more trusting relationships on every side.

I sat with a group of ten inmates in a counseling session not long ago. We

began to talk about trust and help from people on the outside.

I raised the question, "All right, let's assume that all ten of you will be released tomorrow. How much help would you get?"

"Parole officer? Nope. He'd only check on us."

"Church? No, I know just how the people in church will look at me."

On down the line we went reciting a litany of hopeless tunes.

"Yeah, John, what about you?"

I gulped, but the truth was obvious,

"I would be of little help even to one of you. I don't have much money. I have no quick means to a job for you, and I don't even know how much I trust all of you. I like you, but I am as confused as you are."

My confession had appalled me. Until I opened my mouth I had not been aware of how little I was willing to put out. I would not have been surprised if they had despised me for it. Instead, it seemed that we were closer and more trusting. At last I had been honest and they knew it. On both sides we knew

that if I could grow from there I might have something to give.

Also, I think we were beginning to learn that inmates need to help each other. There are lots of well-meaning folks about, but only a prisoner knows the isolation that makes for prison life both behind the bars and outside after release. Even the best of intentions gets us only to the sidelines of this game.

That Sunday I went to meeting, and my mind was a jumble of good intentions and false hopes. Sometimes a Quaker meeting can seem a much-too-comfortable place. I wanted to stand up and shout my frustration, but from somewhere came the news that human beings' inhumanity to others is older than I know—the weakness of one per-

son is only the beginning of the concern of many. This is a job for many men and women. I learned in prison that honesty is the beginning of trust, so suspicion can be defeated. Mistrust is based on coercion and fear. As an individual I was learning that this involved steps and a gradual process.

A kind family that I know became the sponsor for a young man on parole. They gave him work as a laborer. He lived in their home, and the neighbors helped with friendly contact. It was a world full of kind deeds. It ended when the young man stole a small amount of money and ran away. Somehow the family had taken too big a leap of faith without building enough sense of trust. Trust is based on experience. Faith is the

reliance upon the unseen and the unknown. Trust has steps with small acts of faith along the way. Faith in itself is a blind leap. Trust is a two-way street involving at least two parties. It is still not clear to me where it all broke down, but it is clear enough that suspicion, faith, and trust were mixed in an unbalanced way.

The reason we must try again is that the present prison situation is wrong; it is oppressively expensive; and it is intolerable in its human degradation. One fall is only a step on the way to learning to walk. The other reason for persistence is that we are only learning and practicing the faith and trust that we need with all human beings. We cannot walk the second mile in chains. □

TWENTY DO'S AND DON'TS FOR VISITING IN PRISON

by
Allen D. Hanson



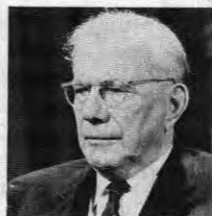
© Joe Trisch

- DO visit a prisoner somewhere soon. It will do you as much good as it does the prisoner.
- DON'T be afraid. You are not in danger when you visit in prison.
- DO dress casually. Avoid flashy clothing.
- DON'T go without making an advance contact with authorities. If you don't make arrangements in advance you will probably be turned away.
- DO be there early. Sometimes prison security officials need extra time to process your visit.
- DON'T take a camera or tape recorder to the prison. These are not usually allowed inside.
- DO smile. It's contagious even in prison.
- DON'T give the prisoner anything unless you check first with the authorities. Contraband may be suspected if you do.

- DO tell the prisoner how good he/she looks. Self-respect is important, especially in prison.
- DON'T plan to stay more than about one hour unless you have come a long way. Individual conversation wears thin after that time, even among people who know each other well.
- DO talk about a bright future. The prisoner will probably do very well when released but is unsure of him/herself right now.
- DON'T bring up family problems. If the prisoner wants to talk about them, you can follow the lead.
- DO tell the prisoner about your religious faith. Prisoners will be more receptive to your testimony than you might think.
- DON'T talk about the prisoner's criminal case. The prisoner would probably like to forget it just as you should.
- DO say that you care. This has special meaning to someone in prison.
- DON'T compliment any part of the prison system. This is a fundamental rule because prisoners do not appreciate their incarceration.
- DO tell the prisoner when you will be back to visit again. The prisoner will look forward to it.
- DON'T forget to pray daily for the prisoners and for their safety.
- DO encourage others to visit in prison. Tell them how well it went for you.
- DON'T forget to contribute to a prison ministry. The need is great.

Copyright © 1981 Allen D. Hanson
—Printed with permission

Paul Tillich— Quaker Theologian?



by Larry Ingle

It is a commonplace for Friends, and often their critics, to assert that Quakerism has produced no theologians, with the exception of Robert Barclay, the apologist. This failure however, has not prevented Quakers from being interested in theology, as witnessed by Charles Swank's recent article, "Doing Quaker Theology" (*FJ* 1/1-15). Unfortunately most of the discussions of theological issues that I have heard and participated in at yearly meetings, summer gatherings, and retreats have taken place in isolation from developments in the outside world. Many Friends, I gather, think of themselves as living in an isolated, small world, speaking a unique language, and having little to say to, or learn from, those considering theology on the outside. Imagine my surprise, then, when I found an outsider, a recognized theologian no less, making Quaker noises and speaking to Quaker issues.

I have had to get a firmer grounding in the history of theology to facilitate a study of the separations among Friends in the late 1820s. In doing so, I have uncovered an extremely illuminating and significant contribution of Paul Tillich, the German emigrant who taught for many years at Union Seminary in New York and at Harvard and made signal contributions to theology in the mid-20th century. Tillich's discussion of the *Inner Light*—he uses the term unabashedly—and its relation to rationalism seems to this nontheologian to offer a way forward out of much of the controversy that exists among Friends today about the role of reason as against the leadings of Christ: essentially the debate between universal and New Foundation Friends.

Larry Ingle is associate professor of history at the University of Tennessee in Chattanooga. He is a member of Chattanooga Friends Meeting.

During the spring quarter of 1962-63, Tillich taught a class at the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. His taped lectures came out in book form in 1967, two years after his death, under the title, *Perspectives on 19th and 20th Century Protestant Theology*. In one of the most provocative sections of the book, Tillich deals with the relationship between rationalism and mysticism, a question that has concerned Friends at least since the conflict that led to the separations.

To get at the heart of Tillich's contributions, let me quote him:

Rationalism and mysticism do not stand in contradiction to each other, as is so often thought. Both in Greek and modern culture rationalism is the daughter of mysticism. Rationalism developed out of the mystical experience of the "inner light" or the "inner truth" in every human being. Reason emerged within us out of mystical experience, namely, the experience of the divine presence within us (p. 19).

And he documents this point by reference to Quakerism!

Denying that he is a mystical theologian, Tillich goes on to affirm his conviction that he stands on the side of a theology of "experience and inwardness, for I believe that the Spirit is in us." Theology—literally the word we say about God—represents the highest synthesis between "the Word of God which comes from outside and the experience which occurs inside"; it is the result of an "existential participation" of each individual with the Truth, the Word, the Spirit, the Christ who speaks from within. "The concept of the Spirit is the mediating power which overcomes the conflict between outside and inside."

Of course, as Tillich knows and concedes, the insight, or the conviction, that one experiences can become rationalized and formalized and therefore destructive of the experience itself. He writes:

The opposite of mysticism is the theology of the Word in terms of an authority coming from the outside [traditionally Friends would say a creed, the Bible, or any other man- or woman-made statement], to which we subject ourselves either by accepting doctrines or by fulfilling moral commands (p. 21).

Even the 1660 declaration of the Peace Testimony, perhaps the most revered Friends' historic document, must remain open to questioning and examination at all times.

But Tillich is aware of this problem, and a few pages later, in response to a student's question, he speaks to the relationship between the Spirit and the Bible in a way that echoes Fox's and Barclay's formulations: "The divine Spirit witnesses to the content of the Bible, and in this way the Bible can become an authority. Only through the witness of the Spirit can the Bible cease to be a merely external authority" (p. 28).

Ultimately, moreover—and this is the point of tension between Orthodox and Hicksites of the 19th century—the Spirit authenticates itself. "By what else could it be authenticated? If by some other authority, why would we acknowledge that authority? Because the Spirit tells us to. Then we are back with the Spirit" (p. 28). Some Friends would tie our common faith to a historical time, a book, a tradition, or a statement, while others would insist that their unique experiences are so revealing of truth that they are called to ignore every other authority. Both positions represent half-truths.

What Friends have to do, and it is a difficult task for individuals, almost impossible for institutions (one thinks of the American Friends Service Committee or yearly meetings struggling over concrete issues like homosexuality), is to maintain this tension between authority and the Spirit's fresh, invigorating, and power-producing leadings.

But let's permit Lutheran Tillich to have the final, Quaker word:

The only answer which can be given is to remain open to the impacts of life—which may come from others, or from reading the Bible, or services of the church or acts of love—through which God may work upon us. In listening and waiting we may experience the Spirit, but more than this cannot be said. There is no valid method at all for forcing God upon us (p. 29).

□

Mor-gan

Once upon a time a little boy named Mor-gan went walking in a forest. He found a square made out of leaves. He thought it must be special. He stepped in it. This made fairies appear. The fairies each told him he could have three wishes. His first wish was for freedom for everyone. Second, he wished that there would be an end to nuclear weapons and no more wars. Third, he wished that all people would learn to love each other. He asked if he might have one more wish. "If it is as good as the others, you may." He wished that he could be with the fairies always. His wish was granted so each day he came to the forest and stepped in the square and the fairies appeared. One day he went with the fairies to see God. He wanted to stay with God, and God said he could, so he stayed. He didn't see his parents and they didn't know what had become of him. So he sent messages to his parents and that's why we have lightning.

Adam Riffer, age 9
Syracuse (N.Y.) Monthly Meeting

Wrinkles

The bed's crumpled sheets
dragging down
getting stepped on
Asking
Needing
to be smoothed out.

Friendships
sometimes
snarled and confused
but each time
the love irons
the wrinkles out

Jane E. McMillan, junior
Pulaski County High School
Dublin, Va.

On the Beach

Walking on the beach alone,
Hair waving in the spring-y breeze,
Doing tai chi, worshiping nature, enjoying
it all,
Pure enjoyment of the rain,
HURRAY!

Ada Joy Kerman, then 9, now 11
Prospect Park, Pa.

JUNIOR JOURNAL

This is a special
4-page JUNIOR
JOURNAL. You can
pull it out of
the center of the
magazine if you
wish to keep it.

Onward, Christian Workers

Kitty Bejnar, of Socorro, (N.M.) Worship Group wrote new, peaceful words to the tune of Onward, Christian Soldiers:

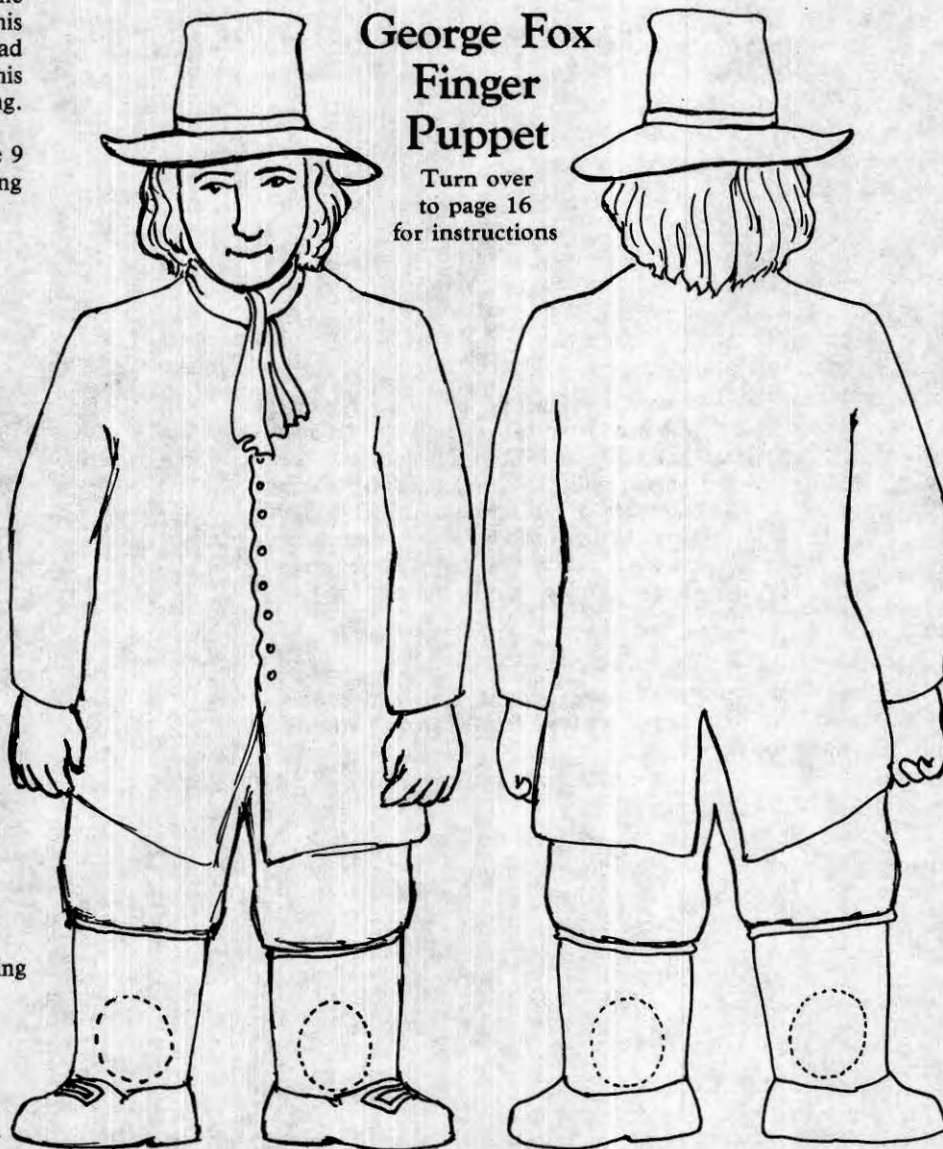
Onward, Christian workers
Help the conflict cease.
May the world recover
Kindness, love, and peace.

Grant to little children
Safety from above.
Food and drink and shelter
Are your gifts of love.

repeat first verse.

George Fox Finger Puppet

Turn over
to page 16
for instructions



Drawing by John Gummere, age 28

Old Testament Colors

1. Psalm 23:2 "He maketh me to lie down in _____ pastures."
2. The name "Adam" means: _____ earth.
3. Isaiah 1:18 "Though your sins be as _____ they shall be as _____ as snow."
4. "Ague" means malarial fever or _____ color of the skin.
5. The _____ smith made the idols.
6. Proverbs 25:11 "A word fitly spoken is like apples of _____ in pictures of _____."
7. The color worn by royalty was _____.
8. The "Sea of Weeds" is the _____ Sea.
9. In Genesis 2:12 bdellium is a _____ pearl.

Answers below

Arleen Wixtrom, Republic, Mich.

Here is a finger puppet of George Fox, who lived from 1624 to 1691 and founded Quakerism in 1652 in England.

Color and cut out the front and the back, cut a piece of cardboard to fit, and glue the pieces of paper and cardboard together so the edges match. The dotted circles above George's ankles can be cut out for your fingers.

—Suggested by Judy Cottingham, West Branch (Iowa) Meeting.



Abby Kinchey, age 7, of Monongalia (W. Va.) Monthly Meeting made this drawing after attending the August 27 March on Washington, which commemorated the 20th anniversary of Martin Luther King's "I Have a Dream" speech.

Fooba Wooba

Teacher Marcia's second grade at West Chester (Pa.) Friends School wrote this chant to be accompanied by musical instruments they had made.

Refrain:

Fooba Wooba
Fooba Wooba John

Verse One:

Saw a crow flying low
Fooba Wooba, Fooba Wooba
Saw a crow flying low
Fooba Wooba John.
Several miles beneath the snow
Fooba Wooba, Fooba Wooba
Fooba Wooba John.

Verse Two:

Saw a reindeer in the sky
Fooba Wooba, Fooba Wooba
Saw a reindeer in the sky
Fooba Wooba John.
Saw a reindeer in the sky
Caught a snowflake in his eye
Fooba Wooba, Fooba Wooba
Fooba Wooba John.

Old Testament Colors:
1. green 2. red 3. scarlet & white 4. yellow
5. black 6. gold & silver 7. purple 8. red
9. white

THE WAY OF FRIENDS

by Vesta Brownell McCullough

Elisabeth sat at the table twisting her wedding ring. "We never should have left Vermont. I keep thinking about the settlers the Sioux killed in Minnesota. It's only 50 miles north."

"I'll only be gone three days, Elisabeth," answered John. He lowered two buckets of well water to the floor. "Take care thee uses only what thee needs as water is low. We surely need rain."

"I'll catch some next rainfall," she promised.

"We've never had any trouble with the Sioux, Cheyenne, or any other Indians, Elisabeth." He moved around the cabin, packing a few belongings

needed for the supply trip. "Word travels, and we have often helped Indians. Thee never used to worry."

"The newspaper thee brought home last time was full of warnings. The first wagon trains have started west. Thee said thyself there would be trouble since the government is forcing the Indians to relocate."

John reached for his rifle, stood up, and patted his wife's shoulder. "I regret saying that, although I do believe it. Best I leave now. I want an early start. Ten miles to go and a lot to do."

He went to the cradle and kissed six-month-old Edward, who cooed sleepily

at him. At the door two-year-old Ethel ran to him and bestowed a wet kiss on his cheek.

John leaned his rifle against the door and clasped Elisabeth in his arms. "I understand how thee feels. I'll be home as soon as possible."

"Go to meeting if thee can and bring me news." She waved until she could see only dust from the wagon wheels.

She put on her sunbonnet, took a pail of water and a hoe, and went to the door. Baby Edward was asleep so she did not disturb him. Softly she called Ethel to her and took her hand. They went through the creaky door to the vegetable garden, where Ethel settled in a shady spot and contentedly arranged pebbles in the dirt.

Elisabeth bent to the endless task of weeding, hoeing, and watering. She marveled at how the thirsty plants took on a new determination to grow once they had a drink of precious water. In a few minutes the sweat ran down under the strings of her sunbonnet, between her breasts, and down her back. Another hour Elisabeth worked, her back aching. Every thrust of the hoe was another less to do. She determined to finish the corn before another hour was up. At the end of the last row she put down the hoe, took off her sunbonnet, and wiped her face. "It's so hot Ethel. Let's go to the cabin for some water. I hear the baby!" Elisabeth picked up her daughter and entered the cabin.

Little Edward turned in his cradle, smiled at them, and laughed that deep gurgling laugh that delighted Elisabeth and made her heart do handsprings. Ethel toddled to her little brother and kissed him awkwardly, her chubby hands patting him gently. "Bruvver!" she chortled, then turned to her mother. "Milk?"

"Yes, Ethel. I'll fetch it." Elisabeth

Vesta Brownell McCullough lives in Citrus Heights, California. Her story, a true one, has been told and retold as oral history in her family for generations.



Lorna Kent

went out and down into the earth cellar where she kept the milk sweet and cool with water from the well. She came back to the children. "Would thee like some cake, too?"

"Cake!" Ethel clapped her hands in delight.

Cake was a real treat. Elisabeth didn't often have the ingredients for cake and still less often the time to bake it. She fed the children and tidied

"Mama?" Ethel looked up at her mother.

"We must go with them," Elisabeth answered dully, trying to keep her voice even. She was afraid to go and afraid to stay. She walked through the door of her cabin, baby in her arms and toddler by the hand. Two Indians led the way with the buckets. The third Indian walked behind.

Probably to see that we don't try to

themselves for a moment, then walked upstream a few yards.

Elisabeth was too tired to try to get away, and common sense told her it was impossible with two children to carry. One of the Indians came back quickly. In his hands he carried a piece of birch bark. Dripping from it was a generous piece of fresh, wild honeycomb. He placed it in her hands and motioned for her to eat.

With an enormous rush of relief, Elisabeth realized the Indians meant no harm. She broke off a piece of the golden honey.

"Here, little bird!" She popped it into Ethel's waiting mouth. Another bit of honey disappeared into little Edward's pink mouth as well.

Then the other two Indians appeared with the buckets brimming with honeycomb. After Elisabeth had rested, one of the Indians led her along a faint path and showed her the honey tree where bees hummed busily. What a treasure to have almost at my back door! But why are they doing this? she wondered.

The way back seemed easy. Elisabeth lifted her face to a slight cooling breeze. Ethel fussed and gurgled over some wildflowers as she picked them. Behind them, the Indians paused, then urged them on.

When they reached the cabin, the Indians entered and set the buckets of honey on the floor. The tallest Indian gave Elisabeth a sign of farewell and smiled. Free of fear now, she finally looked him full in the face for the first time and in astonishment recognized him as the Indian she and John had found half-frozen near their cabin the previous winter. They had cared for him until he was strong enough to travel; then, with the precious gift of a horse, he had ridden west.

With the warmth of neighborliness, Elisabeth extended her hand to him. He clasped it gently. For a moment the young Quaker mother and the tall Sioux warrior looked at each other.

"Friend," she said, "Thank thee."

"Friend," he said slowly.

Then the bronzed Indians raised their hands in a final farewell salute and were gone. Later, in the barn, Elisabeth found the horse. □

Lorna Kent



up the cabin. Just as she hung her sun-bonnet on a peg, the door opened with a bang. She whirled around with a start, then gasped and froze in terror. Three Indians stood in the doorway, silent and expressionless. The eagle feathers in their plaited hair identified them as Sioux. In her fright Elisabeth went to her children, picked up little Edward, gently pulled Ethel to her, and held the child's hand. Ethel stared wide eyed at the Indians and looked back and forth from them to her mother. The child felt her mother's fear and searched her face for a clue as to what was happening.

It was a moment frozen in time. Elisabeth stood with her babies in quiet dread. The sun silhouetted the tall Indians in the doorway so that she could not see their faces. Two of them moved to the buckets of water. They spoke to her in their harsh language, but she could not understand. They took the buckets outside and dumped all the water on the ground. Elisabeth felt her throat constrict as she watched the water soak into the dirt. The Indians motioned for her to bring the children and come with them.

get away, Elisabeth thought miserably. Whatever do they want? To steal us? With a shudder she remembered stories of white women and children who had been kidnapped by Indians.

They walked down a rough path. Ethel pulled at her mother's skirt. The baby began to cry and became heavier and heavier. Ethel whimpered.

Elisabeth hadn't brought her sun-bonnet, and the sun in her eyes made it hard for her to see. She tumbled on a root and nearly fell. She caught the baby just in time. Ethel's whimpers became sobs.

"Stop!" Elisabeth called out to the Indians in desperation. She knelt and held Ethel and the baby close. The three braves waited. "There, there, dear. I know thee is tired." She wiped the child's face with a corner of her petticoat. "We'll soon be there."

Ethel's crying subsided, and they all set out again at a slower pace. Within five minutes they were beside a stream, and one of the Indians indicated they should sit on a log. Elisabeth settled there, grateful for a rest, and helped Ethel up beside her. Edward had the hiccups. The Indians talked among

REPORTS

International Conference on Prison Abolition: Alternatives to Imprisonment

Nearly 400 people participated in or reported on the International Conference on Prison Abolition held May 26-28 at the University of Toronto.

Ruth Morris, a former CFSC coordinator whose participation in the conference cost her her job as director of the Toronto York Bail Program, said in her introductory remarks, "Someday, they are going to build a prison and there won't be anybody to put in it. There won't be because you and I will have opened our hearts and our homes and our communities."

The keynote speakers Thursday night introduced the three main tracks of the conference: Edgar Epp, executive director of Mennonite Central Committee of Saskatchewan and former superintendent of two prisons, talked about "Analyzing the System." Rev. Virginia Mackie, of the National Council of Churches (U.S.) Task Force on Criminal Justice, spoke about "How to Get There." Frank Dunbaugh, former U.S. deputy secretary of Justice for Civil Rights during the school desegregation period, spoke about "How Will Abolition Work?"

"The inmate who wants to get through prison alive and healthy does not dare to become rehabilitated," Epp explained. "There is no way a large prison can rehabilitate prisoners."

"The prison sentences 200 years ago were at maximum six months; we have since increased the length of sentences. If it doesn't work, instead of checking our diagnosis, we simply increase the medicine."

A nonviolent means to prison abolition is peaceful protest, which more than 100 of the conference participants used on Friday, May 27, in front of the Ontario legislature at Queen's Park. Organized by STOPCO, Sane Taxpayers Oppose Prison Construction, the rally asked the province to end new prison construction.

The conference was a truly international event: resource people ranged from Tom Mathiesen, professor of the sociology of law at the University of Oslo, Norway, to George Zdenkowski, senior lecturer at the law faculty of the University of New South Wales, Australia. Almost every workshop had at least one ex-prisoner to tell how it was on the inside of prison, and at least one Quaker or Mennonite to bring the perspective of the Historic Peace Churches. Some Friends, like Daphne Brooke of Scotland, a member of London Yearly Meeting Penal Affairs Committee, had worked for more than a decade visiting violent prisoners in Scottish jails. Another British Friend, Janet Arthur, had been a magistrate and helped inspire the booklet, *Six Quakers Look at Crime and Punishment*. Both Daphne Brooke and Janet Arthur led workshops.

The grand finale of the conference was a play, *Show Me a Prison*, performed by a cast of both students at McArthur College of Queens University in Kingston and some prisoners from Kingston Pen. The play's title comes from a song by Phil Ochs—a song which ends with the chorus, "there but for fortune go you and I."

Carl Stieren

AFSC Conference on Women and Poverty

A thought-provoking conference entitled "The Feminization of Poverty" was presented by the AFSC's Community Relations Program on Saturday, June 11, at the 15th Street Friends Meetinghouse in New York City. A number of speakers focused on the problems faced by women as we approach the year 2000, when it is predicted that the poverty-stricken will be almost entirely women and children.

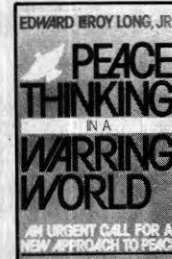
Alice Kessler Harris, a professor at Hofstra University, believes the institutionalization of the idea that women belong in the home permitted their exploitation by employers (who were able to view them as merely temporary workers) and doomed them to reduced wages.

According to Tuli Taylor, a welfare mother and college student, women accept

2 WHO HONOR THE HUMAN RACE

PEACE THINKING IN A WARRING WORLD

by Edward LeRoy Long, Jr.



"This is the most convincing combination of the theory and practice of peace that we know. Fresh, comprehensive, hopeful."—Donald L. Shriver (UTS-New York)

and Peggy L. Shriver (National Council of Churches). "... a provoking, balanced, readable, and well-crafted study."—Max L. Stackhouse. (Andover Newton Theological School). Paper \$6.95

By Eleanor Roosevelt

—commemorating the 100th anniversary of her birth—

YOU LEARN BY LIVING

In this vibrant, heartwarming, and classic work (now in paperback), Eleanor Roosevelt offers a wealth of sage advice and



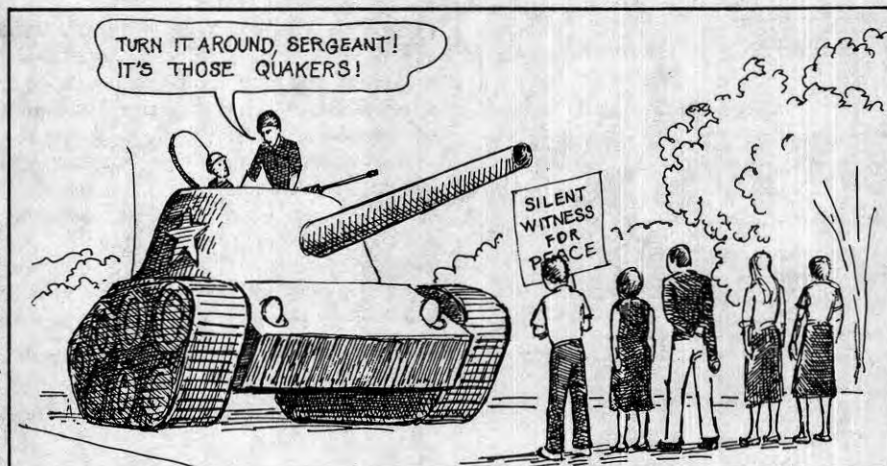
thought-provoking insights into living a rich, vital, and meaningful life. She discusses many of life's major questions, including how to conquer fears, how to use time well, how to be useful, how to get the best out of yourself and other people, and how to be an active citizen. Paper \$9.95

Photo by Dr. A. David Gurewitsch

At your bookstore or from the publisher.



THE WESTMINSTER PRESS
925 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia, PA 19107



Responsible Investing!

MARKET CONSCIENCE, the investment advisory journal for people who want their investments to be consistent with their principles. There is no other investment advisory service like MARKET CONSCIENCE anywhere at any price.

If you've delegated the management of your investments to others, use MARKET CONSCIENCE to provide specific policy direction to your portfolio manager or broker.

FOR PEOPLE WITH CONVICTIONS

With MARKET CONSCIENCE you invest according to your conscience. All MARKET CONSCIENCE buy/sell recommendations are coded by one or more of 19 different social responsibility criteria including basic needs, such as food and medicine, and appropriate technology. We make no buy recommendations for companies that manufacture nuclear arms, generate more than 5% of their revenue from military arms sales, or for companies in South Africa that fail our criteria for responsible performance. Other codes include nuclear energy, infant formula, media violence and pornography, alcohol, gambling, and handguns. We know which companies are responsible.

INVESTING THAT MAKES SENSE

Ethical investing can be just as economically productive as investing with no ethical standards. You make money on what you invest in — not on what you exclude. Research for the California Retirement System showed that excluding (for reasons of conscience) 132 stocks out of the Standard & Poors 500 Index (a 26.4% exclusion) made no significant difference on the theoretic return on investment for this multimillion dollar fund. Responsible investing is a matter of integrity, not philanthropy.

WHAT YOU RECEIVE

AS A SUBSCRIBER YOU RECEIVE 24 issues of **Decision Point** which makes specific buy/sell investment recommendations. A telephone hot line updates these recommendations each week. YOU GET 12 issues of **Commentary** which discusses the issues of responsible investing, companies doing a good job, and some to avoid. YOU RECEIVE MARKET CONSCIENCE Guide, 60 pages, which defines our codes. In addition, we will screen 15 publicly traded companies of YOUR CHOICE.

Please add me as a MARKET CONSCIENCE subscriber for:

☐ \$180 /yr., ☐ \$340 / 2 yrs., ☐ \$50 / 3 mo. trial.

My check is enclosed for \$ _____

☐ Charge my Visa or Master Card for \$ _____

No. _____

Card expiration date: _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Tel. _____

MARKET CONSCIENCE

P.O. Box 81, Burlington, Pennsylvania 18814

Visa or Master Card: Tel. orders - call (607) 734-5178



second-class citizen status because they have been socialized to do so. She believes that many remain on welfare because little effort is made to obtain court-awarded child care payments—even from men who could afford to support their children. While some menial job training may be provided, Tuli Taylor thinks much more should be done to help welfare clients become self-sufficient, even if this means that some welfare workers may lose their jobs.

The conference ended with a series of workshops devoted to such subjects as displaced homemakers, education for employment, day care, and sex discrimination at work. In all, the conference was well planned and informative.

Nita Benton

Iowa Yearly Meeting (Conservative) Celebrates Spiritual Roots

The Iowa Yearly Meeting of Friends (Conservative) met on the campus of Scattergood Friends School near West Branch, August 3-7. During our sessions, one speaker wondered aloud how the yearly meeting came to be called "Conservative," since she knew members whose concerns and activities were not typical of the present political meaning of the word! In reality, the word in our name refers to the conservation of our religious roots, our use of the original unprogrammed, nonpastoral worship, and our belief that each can commune directly with God.

Betty Nute of the American Friends Service Committee brought us firsthand information about conditions in Central America. After consideration by the yearly meeting, individuals and monthly meetings were urged to consider supporting the concept of sanctuary for refugees. Committee reports reflected a wide range of humanitarian concerns which find biblical bases in the second chapter of James. Afternoon interest groups considered military taxes and heard a report of the Conference on Eldering. One of our members, Ian Cottingham, told of the Iowa Bilateral Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign in which he has been an intern this summer.

Junior Friends, who met each afternoon, learned of the need for seeds for a garden project in Mexico. They promptly made vegetable/tempera-print letter paper to sell, and all of them worked on convincing parents and others to buy their paper to support the garden project.

Statistics seem to show some monthly meetings decreasing in membership. In reality, the situation is more encouraging: inactive members were contacted and membership lists were updated. Some young families prefer not to record their children as birthright members, even though they are involved in their meeting's affairs.

The queries and selected answers thoughtfully reminded us of the goals to which we aspire in our lives. State-of-the-meeting reports frankly pointed out some of our strengths and weaknesses as we strive to live according to the teachings of Jesus.

On the last evening, we had the special privilege of learning of the "Spiritual Roots of Wilburite Friends," presented by a Colorado Friend, Dale Campbell. It was followed by a candlelight vigil on Hiroshima Day.

Conversation, work, and recreation were vital parts of the days together as we renewed old, and formed new, friendships. Noisy traffic on the adjacent interstate highway and temperatures in the 90s were balanced by the inner peace of our worship and fellowship with one another.

Olive Wilson and Martin Jolles

The Spirit of the Lord at North Carolina Yearly Meeting

The 286th annual sessions of North Carolina Yearly Meeting met August 3-7 at Guilford College, Greensboro, North Carolina. Sarah Wilson, yearly meeting clerk, began the session by reading the opening minute and Scripture taken from Luke 4:14-21, setting the yearly meeting theme, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me."

Billy Britt, superintendent of North Carolina Yearly Meeting, introduced Howard Macy, son of Mahlon and Hazel Macy and professor of philosophy at Friends University, Wichita, Kansas. He is a well-known writer, lecturer, pastor, and speaker. Howard Macy brought challenging and inspiring messages each evening.

Morning Bible study each day was an inspiring hour, with messages presented by William Stevens, Jr., Harold Smisor, Sam Palpant, and Rendel Cosand.

On Thursday evening Leslie Winslow conducted the recognition of retiring minister, George McDowell. Recorded in 1964, he served Back Creek Meeting for 23 years and Science Hill for 8 years.

Billy Britt brought the evening message on Thursday. He began with a quote by D. Elton Trueblood stating his hope in the future of the Quaker movement, not so much for the sake of Friends but for the sake of the world and the kingdom of Christ. In closing he stated that prayer is the secret to growth.

Reports from various committees and commissions during the sessions showed that dedicated leadership and study are being done. There were concerns that we need to continue working diligently in the Spirit of the Lord.

Max Rees, chairman of the Committee on Training and Recording of Ministers, recognized two ministers, Paul Wyatt and Murphy Williams, as accepted pastoral supply and three recorded ministers, James Samuel Marion, William Joseph Neal, Jr., and Sara Beth Terrell. Jack Kirk presented the charge to the newly recorded ministers. He spoke of the courage of the Valiant Sixty and the miracle of the "Wood House."

As yearly meeting came to a close we were aware of Friends throughout North Carolina Yearly Meeting and our visions were sighted on yet other ministries to explore. Let each of us go forward with the realization that "the Spirit of the Lord is upon me."

Marie B. Pugh

Challenges and Inspiration Mark California Yearly Meeting

California Yearly Meeting of Friends Church met in its 89th annual sessions at Whittier College, June 22-26. Eugene Mills, president of Whittier College, greeted the representatives in their opening session. We were challenged by the messages of Myron Augsburg, a former president of Eastern Mennonite College who is now pastor of the Mennonite church in Washington, D.C. He presented the whole Gospel, emphasizing both evangelical and social responsibility.

Another highlight of the sessions was the message of Janine Tartaglian, former NBC

News correspondent at the time of the Iranian hostage crisis.

Clifford Winslow, presiding clerk of Friends United Meeting, brought greetings from FUM and North Carolina Yearly Meeting. He assisted in planning for the triennial sessions of Friends United Meeting, which will be hosted by California Yearly Meeting, July 12-17, 1984, at Chapman College, Orange, California. It was decided that the 1984 sessions of California Yearly Meeting would be held in the same location two days prior to the FUM sessions.

The yearly meeting administrators and boards gave their reports and challenges during the business sessions, under the direction of Sheldon Jackson, presiding clerk. Upon the recommendation of the Board of Missions, the yearly meeting representatives approved the adoption of Mexico as the yearly meeting's major new mission field. This culminated a year-long study to find a field to replace Alaska, which has launched out on its own as an independent yearly meeting. It was a historic moment, as Mission Board Chairman Verl Lindley reviewed the circumstances of the first yearly meeting mission field in 1897. The yearly meeting is cooperating with other evangelical Friends groups who are also working in Mexico. A new missionary couple, Arturo and Consuelo Carranza, were commissioned to work in Mexicali.

The Board of Church Extension reported on the progress of three new churches. Board Chairman Charles Mylander introduced and commissioned Jeff and Mary Nagell to begin a new church during the coming year.

The Quaker Meadow Board reported that they had provided camping opportunities for 1,700 campers in 1982. Quaker Meadow Camp, located in the high Sierras, was severely damaged by the unusually heavy snowfall during the winter, and extensive repairs are in progress.

The closing service on Sunday evening, June 25, was a fitting climax to a week of challenges and inspiration.

Sheldon Jackson

AN AFSC STATEMENT ON THE KOREAN AIRLINES TRAGEDY

The shooting down of a Korean Airlines jetliner on August 31 and the resulting loss of 269 lives is a profound human tragedy; we are deeply grieved for the victims and by the suffering of their families and friends and convey our condolences to them.

We strongly protest and condemn the deliberate Soviet military attack on a civilian

aircraft, an attack which its perpetrators knew must result in the deaths of innocent children, women, and men. There can be no explanation to justify so brutal an act.

In itself the incident represents an issue of the safety of international civilian air transport. We call on the United Nations and the International Civil Aviation Organization

to meet urgently to develop aviation norms, regulations, and safeguards so that an off-course civilian aircraft will never again be subject to military attack, whatever airspace it may enter.

The incident, even though it involved the downing of a Korean airliner by the Soviet Union, occurring in the context of a cold war between two superpowers has inevitably been seen as part of the U.S.-USSR confrontation. Undoubtedly that confrontation was a decisive factor in the Soviet order to attack. While we are grateful for the apparent moderation to date of the response by the U.S. government, we are made fearful by



George School

Since 1893

**A Friendly Place To Grow
In Spirit, Intellect, and Self-Reliance**

A Coeducational Friends Boarding and Day School
Grades 9 - 12

R. Barret Coppock, Director of Admissions
George School, Newtown, PA 18940 (215) 968-3811

WOODS COURT

**Now available—New one-bedroom
apartments for senior citizens**



contact:

Robert Smith, Administrator
Friends Home at Woodstown

Woodstown, NJ 08098 Telephone (609) 769-1500



CHANDLER HALL

Where loving care and skilled nursing mean peace of mind for aging Friends and their families; also providing efficient supporting services including a certified hospice home/health aide program.

Jane Fox Laquer—Administrator (215) 968-4786
Newtown, Pennsylvania 18940



WESTTOWN SCHOOL

**A FRIENDS EDUCATIONAL
COMMUNITY EVOLVING SINCE 1799**

Co-ed: Day PK-10, boarding 9-12

To receive information or schedule a visit contact the
Admissions Office, Westtown School, Westtown, PA
19395. Tel: (215) 399-0123.



President Reagan's use of the incident in hate-mongering against the Soviet Union and in pushing for a greater increase in arms production by the United States.

However regrettable, nations—all nations—are likely to measure morality and even the value of human life against perceived national interests and security, and the latter are almost always overriding when in conflict with the former. The United States has charged the Soviets with untruth in their declarations on the incident; yet the United States has also occasionally been found to deny falsely facts of international import; for example, before the United Nations in relation to U.S. involvement in the Bay of Pigs attack on Cuba, and in relation to use of U-2 spy planes over the Soviet Union. The United States has charged the Soviets with a barbaric disregard for human life in the attack; yet the United States has been able to call a reduction to 5,000 civilian deaths by government forces in a year in Guatemala a significant improvement in human rights.

What is needed now is not more anti-Soviet or anti-American rhetoric, not more arms, not the deployment of more missiles that will cut available response time even further. What is needed is increased dialogue and understanding, a reduction in tension between the governments and peoples of East and West. Without the threat or perceived threat from the other side, without the practice of testing the other side's defenses by close approaches or violations of airspace by military aircraft, without a continuous build-up of offensive arms, a nation might be able to conclude rationally that a civilian aircraft entering its airspace was nothing more than a plane off course, which should be assisted safely to its destination.

The cost to the passengers and crew of Korean Airlines Flight 007 of the tension and suspicion between the United States and the Soviet Union has been their very lives. But there are costs to others as well. One is in the security of each person—the next incident could well be one in which an inadvertent act by one side, or even by an actor not linked to either side, would call forth a response vastly destructive of an entire city or nation, with further retaliation inevitable. Another cost is to people struggling for change in their own societies, whose struggles almost routinely are identified, and intensified, as elements in the East-West competition. Yet another is to the growth and development of communities around the world, as priorities and resources are devoted to military procurement and personnel and harsh repression applied to prevent or destroy dissent. Even without overt repression, cold war psychology, as we in the United States know from the 1950s, can chill or destroy creative social change movements. The poor of the Soviet Union and of the United States presently feel

the pain of the competition of their governments in lost services and lost opportunities for growth.

The shooting down of the Korean airliner with its loss of innocent life clarifies the importance of the movements for peace and disarmament being undertaken by people around the world. The incident demonstrates the inevitable consequences of militarization and extreme nationalism and must give new energy and determination to those of us who are concerned for peace and the lives of all people. A nuclear freeze and then arms reduction, peace movements that show governments a new vision of security, communities that demand justice and human rights—these

must take new strength and win their ends. And in the process the United States and the Soviet Union must come to understand their right places in the world, not as owners and managers of half the globe, but as members of a society of diverse, dignified, and independent peoples.

We mourn for the victims of the Korean airliner shot down; we mourn for all the victims of a world divided by two superpowers between themselves. We have a vision of a day when military competition, domination, and threat will be discarded in favor of mutual understanding, peaceful cooperation, and the pursuit of justice, and we will continue to work toward that vision. □

AFSC Annual Meeting 1983

Drawing its theme from writings of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., the Annual Meeting of the American Friends Service Committee will be held Saturday, November 5, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. at the Friends Meeting House, Fourth and Arch Streets in Philadelphia. The sessions are open to the public without charge.

"Every step toward the goal of justice requires sacrifice, suffering, and struggle, the tireless exertions and passionate concern of dedicated individuals. . . . This is no time for apathy or complacency. This is a time for vigorous action," Dr. King wrote.

The afternoon plenary session, always the highlight of the annual meeting, will feature a panel discussion on "A Vision of Full Human Rights." Baldemar Velazquez, president of the Farm Labor Organizing Committee, will speak on "The Right to Decent Work"; Pam Solo, coordinator of AFSC's Disarmament/Peace Conversion Program, on "The Right to Live in Peace"; and Martin Garate, AFSC staff in Chile, on "The Right to Be Free." Thus the theme of the 20th Anniversary Mobilization and March for Jobs, Peace, and Freedom will be illustrated. Asia Bennett, AFSC executive secretary, who played a key role in the organization of the mobilization, will moderate the panel and give the principal address of the afternoon.

Stephen G. Cary, board chair, will preside over the afternoon session and will recognize the 100th anniversary of the birth of Henry J. Cadbury, beloved Friend and long-time chair of the AFSC Board of Directors.

Three major panels will be held during the second half of the morning sessions: Central America: AFSC Perspectives and Programs; Work and Poverty: Some Perspectives from AFSC Programs in the U.S. and Abroad; and AFSC International

Work. Arthur Schmidt, chairperson of the International Division's Latin American Panel, will chair the Central America panel with panelists Phil Berryman, consultant to AFSC's Peace Education Division; Betty Nute, visitor on Central American concerns to Friends meetings; and Trish Ahern, worker at the refugee camps in Honduras.

Anne Turpeau, chairperson of the National Community Relations Committee, will chair the session on work and poverty, joined by Domingo Gonzalez, National Community Relations staff member; Kathy Neidhardt, AFSC staff member in Chile; Jennifer Henderson, Southeast Regional Executive Committee, and Maude Easter, former AFSC staff representative in Asia.

The panel on International Affairs Work will be chaired by Mike Yarrow, a former secretary of the International Affairs programs who is on the AFSC National Board of Directors. Panelists will include Roger Naumann, Quaker United Nations Office; Jim Matlack, AFSC Washington office; Gail Pressberg, AFSC Middle East Program; and Roberta Levenbach, coordinator of programs in East and South Asia, International Division.

Workshops held in the morning will include Lebanon Conflicts: Human Rights and Reconstruction; Disarmament: Goals and Strategies; Work Against the Death Penalty; The Horn of Africa; Dilemmas of Development; Guatemala Now: People, Policies, and Counter Insurgency; Witnessing Through Affirmative Action; Economics North and South: Reflections on UNCTAD VI and AFSC Experience; and U.S.-USSR Relations—Urgent Challenges. There will also be two workshops focusing on specific AFSC regional office programs: Experiences from Summer Youth Work in New York, and Nonviolent Direct Action in Northern California, Theory and Practice.

Oakwood School

A Good Place To Learn,
To Grow,
To Be



A Quaker co-ed boarding
and day school—Grades 9-12

Clark McK. Simms, Headmaster

- Emphasis on personal growth, responsibility, and community participation
- Strong academic program
- Low student-faculty ratio
- Advanced senior program
- Team & life sports
- Art & drama programs
- In the Hudson Valley, 75 mi. north of NYC

Oakwood welcomes students of all
racial and religious backgrounds

Tuition reduction for Quaker families

Contact Thomas J. Huff, Dir. of Adm.

Oakwood School
515 South Road
Poughkeepsie, N.Y. 12601-5499
914-462-4200

Marple Store Antique Shop

P.O. BOX 197 (AREA CODE 215)
816 WEST SPRINGFIELD ROAD 543-3809
SPRINGFIELD, DELAWARE COUNTY
PENNSYLVANIA 19064



We are interested in buying, or
accepting on consignment, good 18th-
century furniture.
Closed Sunday & Monday



Abington Friends School

Abington Friends School is a
coeducational day school, Four-
year-old Kindergarten through
Grade 12. For more information
about admissions, or about
employment opportunities, call
or write: James E. Achterberg

Headmaster
575 Washington Lane
Jenkintown, Pennsylvania 19046
(215) 886-4350

FRIENDS' CENTRAL SCHOOL

- Overbrook, Philadelphia, 19151
- A co-educational country day school on a 23-acre campus just outside of Philadelphia.
 - Pre-primary (three-year-olds) through 12th grade.
 - A Friends school established in 1845, Friends' Central emphasizes the pursuit of excellence in education through concern for the individual student.

Thomas A. Wood
Headmaster

CREMATION

Friends are reminded that the Anna T. Jeanes Fund will reimburse cremation costs. (Applicable to members of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting only.)

For information write or telephone
HENRY BECK
6300 Greene Street
Philadelphia, PA 19144 — V13-7472

**Watch
the birdie.
Make
sweet music.
Take a hike.**

At Mohonk there are 24 special theme programs, just about one every other week. Ranging from antiquing to birdwatching, concerts to hiking, whodunits to how-to-do-its. All in an inspiring, one-of-a-kind natural setting around a glacial lake in the Shawangunk Mountains, only 90 miles from New York. With thousands of acres to hike, ride and dream in. Delicious meals. Congenial companions. Come for our programs. Come to be yourself.

**Mohonk
MOUNTAIN HOUSE**

New Paltz,
N.Y. 12561



(212) 233-2244,
(914) 255-1000

FORUM

FRIENDS JOURNAL welcomes contributions from our readers. We reserve the right to edit all letters and request that those submitted be no longer than 300 words.

August Issue Appreciated

I was deeply moved by the significance of the August 1/15 issue.

Marjorie Sykes's powerful meditation on the great commandment, so open, so universal, seems already a classic in Quaker writing. The article on Central America by Phil Berryman helped me to gain a clearer understanding of that complicated situation. Jacob D. Stone's conclusions on the value of serving the impaired elderly strike close to home. I live in Friends Retirement Community, where we see many such people in our nursing home. I appreciated the loving sketch of Mr. K, the poetry, and the account of Friends General Conference's dramatization of *Guests of My Life*.

Several residents here knew Olcott Sanders, and he was tenderly remembered during our Wednesday meeting for worship. I feel that I knew him too. You have produced a fitting memorial issue. I thank you for what it has done for me.

Oh, "Wash Day, August 1945," by Frances Heiman, read last, so moved me that I had to write to you.

Natalie Krakau
Sandy Spring, Md.

"As Way Opens" in Moscow

Congratulations to C. H. Mike Yarrow for his reply (FJ 9/1-15) to Kent Larrabee's proposal: "A Quaker Meeting in Moscow?" (FJ 5/1). The former's succinct, common-sense approach to this question should be welcomed by our readers. Famine relief work in times of acute need is one thing; tendentious activity—even of our silent, prayerful nature—in a reluctant host country is quite another.

As two of the last (albeit unofficial) Quaker residents in the former Friends Service headquarters at Borisoglebsky Per. 15, my wife and I can testify that the Soviet government did not look kindly on continuing a "Quaker presence" in Moscow. When, in the summer of 1931, we were evicted, ostensibly so that the Greek Trade Commission might occupy the premises, we were given hardly enough time to dispose (as best we might) of letters and documents which might have proved embarrassing to the Society of Friends and quite possibly seriously injurious to the good citizens who had entrusted them over the years to the "Quaker presence" for safekeeping.

As for the letter on the same subject by Laura Nell Morris (FJ 9/1-15), while I agree with her that world friendship centers can be helpful in keeping our common dream alive, I do not believe that missionaries of whatever faith have always brought unmixed blessings to the peoples they were "called" to minister unto.

How much more realistic—and I hope effective in the long run—are the efforts which Friends have long been sponsoring to effect "as way opens" mutual exchange fellowships between two powerful countries who must find a better relationship with each other if our world is to survive.

M. C. Morris
Moorestown, N.J.

Something Which Appeals to All

At the Friends General Conference gathering, I entered the FRIENDS JOURNAL dialogue frustrated with the JOURNAL. I came away with a greater appreciation of what the magazine is and why I subscribe to it.

I arrived at the dialogue impatient that *Sojourners* and *Fellowship* had written about the sanctuary movement before the JOURNAL. And I felt some of the articles published in the JOURNAL had been thin on content. As I listened to the discussion, Vinton Deming explained that each issue attempts to have at least one article for each reader—and the readership is diverse. He went on to invite those present to submit articles about issues and activities alive in their meetings; the magazine reflects what is submitted, and rarely are articles solicited.

I realized what may be obvious to many readers. FRIENDS JOURNAL is a Friends' publication, a place where we can communicate with each other about our concerns and our discoveries. In the tradition of Friends, it does not preach or tell us where we ought to be directing our attention. Rather, it reflects the activities we have undertaken and the insights we have gained. It is a chronicle of our struggles and our breakthroughs. I read FRIENDS JOURNAL because it allows me to know and participate in the evolution of my religious community.

Nancy W. Riffer
DeWitt, N.Y.

That of God in Everyone

Jacob Stone's article on work with the impaired elderly (FJ 8/1-15) really hit home. He expressed so well the feelings, soul searching, and frustrations that are a part of jobs like his. I have also struggled with these feelings over the years as I have worked with impaired elderly, severely physically handicapped, terminally ill, and now profoundly retarded children.

I agree with Jacob Stone that these

groups do not "deserve any special reverence" and strongly stress with him that "neither do they deserve one bit less than anyone else." The children with whom I work never choose their kind of existence, but they do deserve love, comfort, and to be free of neglect and abuse.

Much of the frustration I feel comes from friends, Friends, family, and society who frequently tell me I should be doing "something better" with my life. Why is it so difficult to justify a job, a career, that can measure progress only in the most minute degree? Why must these jobs be beneath me or anyone? It is not the lack of progress that frustrates me most but the neglect of and disregard for all the impaired members of society who cannot help themselves.

Thanks for airing this topic.

Mary Uyeda
Sylmar, Calif.

Friends Well Met

Thank you for publishing Ferner Nuhn's fine summary of our diversity and its origins (FJ 7/1-15). It should be useful to those committees charged with discussing membership with new applicants. (I put it that way in order to suggest that the committees frequently need information and understanding as much as do the applicants.)

I expect that I am not the only one who went over some of the accompanying photographs with a magnifying glass. Among the friends and relations from Illinois and Pennsylvania I have identified in that family portrait taken in Oskaloosa in 1929, I was particularly pleased and surprised to find the Chicago grandfather for whom I was named seated on the ground next to Chester and Abby Roberts, of Swarthmore, in whose home I lived for three years in the late forties. I hope they shook hands and exchanged names; this is the first I have known of any contact between them.

William H. Matchett
Seattle, Wash.

The Origins of FGC

I would like to express my appreciation for Ferner Nuhn's article on "The Shape of Quakerism in North America" (FJ 7/1-15). His exposition of the development of the various branches of the Society of Friends is both comprehensive and clear. I have heard numerous persons recommend it as one of the clearest essays of its type yet to appear.

There is one section of this article, however, which needs clarification. Friend Nuhn states that "seven Hicksite Yearly Meetings gathered in Philadelphia in 1900 to form . . . Friends General Conference." As indicated in the proceedings of the Friends General Conference held in Chautauqua, New

York, in Eighth Month, 1900, "the initial step which led up to the General Conference . . . was taken in West Chester, Pennsylvania, Ninth Month 14, 1867, when a few Friends met to confer touching a common concern regarding our First-day Schools." At the time of the adoption of the new form of organization, which occurred at that Chautauqua meeting, the General Conference included the Union for Philanthropic Labor, the Educational Conference, the Young Friends Association, the Religious Conference, and the First-day School Conference. The Reorganizational Committee proposed to the business session of the General Conference at Chautauqua a plan to simplify the organization of the Conference into a single organization to be known as Friends General Conference, under the management of a Central Committee composed of 100 members to be appointed as follows:

- 30 Friends representing First-day school interests, appointed by First-day school organizations in the several yearly meetings;
- 30 Friends representing philanthropic interests, appointed by the committees on philanthropic labor in the several yearly meetings;
- 30 Friends representing educational interests, appointed by the committee on education in the several yearly meetings;
- 10 Friends representing the Friends Associations, appointed by the Executive Committee of the General Conference of Friends Associations.

The point of going into this detail about the origin of FGC is to emphasize that the Conference is and has always been an association of Friends who share similar concerns vital to our individual and corporate spiritual life, rather than a union of Hicksite yearly meetings forming one more layer in the Quaker hierarchy.

The eventual decision to eliminate business sessions from the General Conference (an experiment first tried in 1928 and still followed) is another indication of the emphasis of FGC on providing opportunities for individuals with similar concerns to nurture one another in the life of the Spirit rather than attempting to provide the common ground for unity in Friends faith or practice.

Lloyd Lee Wilson
General Secretary, FGC

I am glad to see Lloyd Lee Wilson's elaboration on the background of the formation of Friends General Conference. It will be helpful in preparing a version of "The Shape of Quakerism in North America" for proposed publication as a pamphlet of FWCC, Section of the Americas.

Ferner Nuhn
Claremont, Calif.

Small Adirondack Inn for Sale

Excellent condition inside and out; fully insulated, storm sash, solar panels. Main building former family home sleeps maximum twenty-five guests in seven rooms plus four sleeping porches; additions for five owner/staff. Furnished, equipped and ready to operate; complies with State health and fire regulations. Owner retiring after seventeen happy years. Established year-round clientele eager to return. On direct bus route from New York City. Many hiking and ski trails accessible without car. For further information call or write Elizabeth G. Lehmann, Apt. H101, Pennswood Village, Newtown, PA 18940. Tel.: 215-968-9213.

Calligraphic Art

- MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES
- AWARDS • INSCRIPTIONS •
- BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENTS •
- GREETING CARD DESIGNS •
- INVITATIONS • SCROLLS •

Harry R. Forrest
609-786-1824

Invest in Open Housing

Help fight racial segregation. Invest in a non-profit fund which finances affordable mortgages for minorities and whites making housing moves that foster racially diverse neighborhoods.

For facts, clip and mail to:

Morris Milgram FJ 19
Fund for an OPEN Society
1901 East-West Highway, T-2
Silver Spring, MD 20910

Name: _____
Address: _____
Zip: _____

This is not an offer to sell these securities. The offering is made only by the Investment Description—available only in states where these securities may be offered.

WORLD OF FRIENDS

The second Tour of Quaker Britain was organized this summer by Teddy Milne of Mount Toby (Mass.) Meeting. The tour focused on the peace and reconciliation movements in Britain as well as on "Quaker roots." The group held meetings at Woodbrooke College, visited peace and reconciliation centers in Northern Ireland, shared meals at Old Jordans, and climbed Pendle Hill and Firkbank Fell. The trip helped to raise \$2,800 for the American Friends Service Committee and Friends Committee on National Legislation.

The European Section of Friends World Committee has taken up the concern of Loida Lomosi, a registered nurse and long-time member of East Africa Yearly Meeting. J. G. Kisia, well-known Friend from Nairobi, writes that Loida, a widow with four young daughters, lost her left eye and her left hand when soldiers opened fire in her flat in August 1982 during the attempted coup in Kenya. During this time the FWCC international conference was meeting in Kaimosi, Kenya. Loida has incurred sizable hospital expenses and must raise school fees for her children.

Friends who desire additional information, or who wish to send contributions, may write to FWCC, European and NE Section, PKbanken Box 85, S-8201 02 Gävle, Sweden.

James Zientek, a prisoner seeking correspondents, is interested in learning more about Quakerism. His address is: #76-B-1899, Box B, Dannemora, NY 12929.

ARTS

Raoul Wallenberg: Tribute to a Lost Hero

Friends in the Denver-Boulder area had a special treat last spring when they were able to see the world premiere production of Carl Levine's play, *Raoul Wallenberg: Tribute to a Lost Hero*.

Carl Levine has spent a lot of time unraveling the reality of Wallenberg's rescue of tens of thousands of Jews in Budapest at the end of World War II and the mystery of his disappearance when the Soviet troops moved into the city. Out of this comes a dramatic production of great intensity and moral challenge.

Carl Levine and his wife, Augusta, first became interested in the Wallenberg story when they were in Stockholm for the Ameri-

Package trips to Atlantic City casinos were offered recently to Woodbury (N.J.) Friends as a fundraising idea. The meeting's response to a local travel agent reads in part:

We Quakers believe that no one should accept any money for which they were not given an equal exchange. Hence, we do not gamble, nor do we encourage other people to gamble. . . . The desire of some people to get something for nothing is the root of most of the crime that exists today. Without this desire there would be no bribery. There would be no embezzlement. A great part of burglary, robbery, and theft would be eliminated. . . . We call this to your attention in a friendly way and in the hope that you will consider it and perhaps aid us in our desire to persuade people not to listen to this voice that wishes them to get something for nothing.

The film, *Friendly Persuasion*, was truly enjoyed by Willamette (Oreg.) Quarterly Meeting last spring. Bob Baird writes, "What a difference it makes seeing this movie with an audience composed of Quakers. The humor was outstanding."

The quarterly meeting's planning committee agreed that other Friends' gatherings might be enriched by screening the film. Their cost of \$119.36, including shipping and insurance, was recouped by donations from the audience. The film can be rented from Hurlock CineWorld, 177 Sound Beach Ave., P.O. Box W, Old Greenwich, CT 06870; (203) 637-4319.

Volkswagen Owners for Peace was organized in July by two Toronto Friends, Frank Showler and Carl Stieren, both Volkswagen owners. Their action was in response to Volkswagen Canada's withdrawal of support from the Toronto Symphony Orchestra because 80 of the symphony's 99 players had performed a concert for nuclear disarmament under the name "Sound of Peace Players." Frank and Carl printed leaflets to

can Friends Service Committee in 1946-47. Their job was to expedite food and clothing from neutral Sweden to the starving refugees in Finland and Germany. After a year they went into direct relief work in Germany. There they learned that an American Jewish organization, through the U.S. government, had offered to finance the rescue of the last Jews in Europe who were being shipped to Germany. Wallenberg, the son of a wealthy banking family in Sweden, volunteered to go, and the Swedish government gave him second secretary status in the legation in Budapest and the freedom to operate in any way he could.

The Levines followed the trail to Budapest and heard that from July 6, 1944, to January 17, 1945, Wallenberg exerted superhuman efforts to succor Jews and others in peril. He set up special diplomatically protected houses flying the Swedish flag and moved refugees out of the country by printing innumerable



stick under the windshield wipers of VWs in Toronto. Although their efforts made the front page of the *Toronto Star*, Volkswagen still claims it will refuse to support the symphony if the Sound of Peace Players identify themselves as members of the symphony. The owners group is now selling bumper stickers for \$1 saying "Another Volkswagen Owner for Peace." The money will be donated to the symphony and to the Sound of Peace Players.

Send \$1 for a bumper sticker to Volkswagen Owners for Peace, 1505 Davenport Road, #2, Toronto, Ont. M6H 2H9 Canada.

A "Fast for Life" was initiated on August 6, Hiroshima Day, by ten persons from five different countries. The fast will continue until there is some break in the nuclear arms race. Atlanta (Ga.) Meeting has endorsed the fast and encourages its members to seek positive actions toward the fasters' goal.

The fasters have requested that candlelight vigils on the steps of every state capital be organized. Contact Bill Withers, Atlanta Friends Meeting, 1384 Fairview Rd. NE, Atlanta, GA 30306.

To demonstrate the futility of planning to survive a nuclear war, the Saratoga, N.Y., Peace Alliance held a "Civil Defense Olympics" in September. Events included duck-and-cover relays, nuclear freeze tag, find the family members, and a two-headed race. For a report on the event write SPA, P.O. Box 424, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866.

Swedish "protection passports." The situation was extremely chaotic with rightist Hungarian Nazi groups roaming the streets as the Soviet armies advanced.

Levine did extensive research to find out what happened when the Soviet army took over, but only one thing is clear: Wallenberg went off with Soviet officers for questioning in January 1945 and has never been heard of since.

Carl Levine does a remarkable job of weaving all this into a play that shows heroism that is very human, desperation without complete loss of hope, and moral challenge without preaching. Wallenberg is depicted as a real person, not a saint. He gains great satisfaction from using all his ingenuity to save people—his concern for individuals is clear, but he is also intrigued by the excitement, the danger, the power that he wields.

The climate of terror is clearly shown in

A Friendly Pumpkin Special:

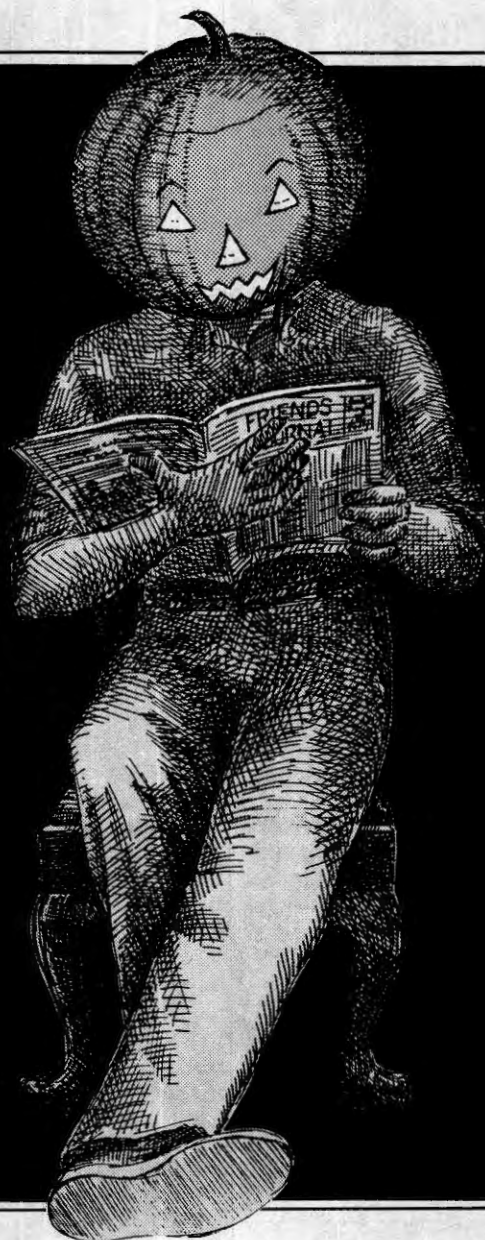
Send in Three, Get Yours Free

We're looking for 133 persons to send in three new subscriptions . . . and get a free year's extension of their own.

Among Friends and family you surely know three who do not receive FRIENDS JOURNAL—and should. Get their checks (or give them a gift). Your own subscription will be gratefully extended. (Offer good until November 1.)

Possible new subscribers: a meeting attendee, your son or daughter away from home, a teacher at your Friends school or public school, your local library, or one of the many Friends who just haven't ever developed the JOURNAL habit.

FRIENDS JOURNAL is getting better all the time. Do three people a favor and add them to the list of regular readers.



John Gummere

1. Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

2. Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

3. Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Enclose check(s) for \$36 made to FRIENDS JOURNAL (Add \$4 each for any sales outside U.S.). Mail before November 1.

FREE—Your own subscription

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102

faces and words, but the main violence is off stage, and there are moments of relief from tension. The company of refugees coming in and out of the waiting room in one of the Swedish-protected houses is a mixture of humanity, from the Hasidic rabbi who dances in the midst of it all to the vulnerable young woman who will not relinquish her gold locket. They are real-life refugees, alternately praising and cursing their benefactor, sometimes helping each other, sometimes quarreling.

In each of two acts there is a confrontation with the military, the first with Nazis, the second with Soviet "liberators." The common characteristics of tyrannical, sadistic behavior are shown as the results of alienation with the fears, suspicions, loneliness, and grabbing for personal loot. The Russians are only a bit more jovial in their pilfering and intimidating.

The play is valuable for Quakers in its presentation of the ethical dilemmas of such a crisis. Should the Jews fight back, rather than accept their fate? Are lies, fabricated documents, and threats justified in saving lives? Why is a Christian risking all to save the Jews?

The question of Wallenberg's disappearance and possible continuing existence in a Soviet prison haunts us at the end. Without softening the possibility of Soviet culpability, Levine gives hints of genuine reasons for Soviet suspicion of a Swede whose family was intimately involved with Sweden's flawed neutrality and who was amply funded with American capitalist money.

Carl Levine is emeritus professor of English at Colorado State University, Fort Collins, Colorado. He is well known as a teacher of English literature with a passion for social concerns.

Mike Yarrow

Let Your Lives Speak



- Small Classes
- Rural Setting
- Academic Challenge

Sandy Spring Friends School

Gr 6-12 Day/Boarding
Sandy Spring, MD 20860

(301) 774-7455

MILESTONES

Births

Latus—Karen Elizabeth Latus on August 1 to Donna and Mike Latus. The grandparents, Hali and Dot Giessler, are members of Detroit (Mich.) Monthly Meeting. The great-grandmother, Marty V. Giessler, is a member of West Chester (Pa.) Monthly Meeting.

Mitchell-Anthony—On May 21, Patricia Suzanne Mitchell-Anthony to Philip Anthony and Margaret Mitchell. The baby's father is a member of Chestnut Hill (Pa.) Meeting.

Shafer—Kyle Manuel Shafer on July 14 in Natal, Brazil, and then adopted on August 10, in Natal, by Carolyn Shafer. Carolyn is a member of Abington (Pa.) Meeting.

Taylor—Anika Adrienne Taylor to Peter and Kathy Taylor in Marburg, West Germany. The grandparents are Richard and Sadie Taylor of Kent, Ohio, and Dan and Rosalie Wilson of Uniondale, Pa.

Marriages

Hausserman-Dugan—Patrick John Dugan and Sue Ann Hall Hausserman on August 14 in Neenah, Wis., under the care of Green Bay (Wis.) Monthly Meeting.

Meigs-Laskow—Paul Laskow and Margaret Welch Meigs on July 14 at Plumstead (Pa.) Meeting. Paul is a member of Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting.

Schweitzer-Hubbell—On August 20, Charles Hubbell and Adrienne Schweitzer under the care

of San Francisco (Calif.) Friends Meeting, where Adrienne is a member.

Taylor-Canty—William S. Canty, III, and Jane H. Taylor on August 27 at Plumstead (Pa.) Meeting. Jane, who will keep her birth name, is a member of Doylestown (Pa.) Meeting.

Deaths

Mann—Frances Mann, a member of Hanover (N.H.) Meeting, on April 6, 1982. Frances had been a piano teacher and dean of the Preparatory School at Julliard in New York City until her retirement. She then moved to Norwich, Vt., where she continued her teaching and contributed immeasurably to the life of Hanover Meeting.

Nicholson—Herbert V. Nicholson, 91, on June 15 in Pasadena, Calif. He was a long-time member of Haddonfield (N.J.) Meeting and a sojourning member of Villa St. (Calif.) Meeting. He graduated from Westtown School and Haverford College. Herbert is best known for his many years of service among Friends in Japan and for his tireless efforts to alleviate the distress of Japanese-American evacuees during World War II, even prodding the assistant secretary of war to let the Japanese return to the West Coast in 1944. For many years, both in Japan and in the United States, he visited prisoners condemned to die and spoke out strongly against capital punishment. Herbert was a devoted Christian and from his faith sprang his single-minded activism. He tried to live as he preached: simply, lovingly, prayerfully, and joyously. Until the week before his death he regularly visited nursing homes, ministering especially to Japanese Americans, who greatly returned his love. He is survived by his wife, Madeline Nicholson; daughter, Virginia Nicholson; sons, Donald Nicholson and Samuel Nicholson; and two grandsons.

Rylander—Edna Rylander, 54, on April 28. Edna had long been a member of San Francisco (Calif.) Friends Meeting.

Wilmer J. Young (1887-1983)

As the Iowa corn stands tall and strong in the sunlight,
Upright he walked through the fresh green years of his growing;
And strong as the corn in its sheath was his opening mind,
And gentle as rustling fields when the wind is blowing.

His was a goodness achieved by a steadfast becoming
Beyond a mere human endeavor, devoid of all straining;
He opened himself to the tides of the Spirit within him
As the seed of the corn responds to the springtime raining.

The ribbon of road as it leaps through the Iowa heartland
Undulates onward, wave upon wave to the sky;
So all his horizons gave place to a beckoning yonder,
Love the first motion, and peace both the goal and the way.

—Winifred Rawlins



Small—*Marianne Small*, 86, on May 28. "Mally" worked at the Dartmouth Medical School and after she retired, she worked in various community projects. She was a treasurer of Hanover (N.H.) Meeting and worked tirelessly for the Peace Committee and other Friends' concerns. Mally is survived by her son, Donald Small.

Werner—*Gulielma Grier Werner*, 83, recently. A member of Salem (N.J.) Monthly Meeting, she had been a high school business education teacher. She is survived by her sister, Elizabeth G. Richman, and brother, David F. Grier.

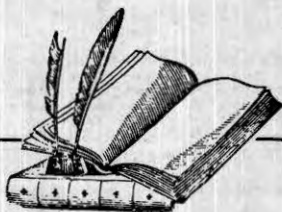
Young—*Wilmer J. Young*, 95, on September 8 at Ralston House, Philadelphia, Pa. He was a lifelong Friend, born in Iowa and educated at Westtown and Haverford College. He taught at Friends Boarding School, Barnesville, Ohio, for four years, at Moses Brown School for two years, and for 12 years at Westtown. He worked with the American Friends Service Committee in France during World War I and later in Poland. In 1934 he was director of AFSC's first workcamp, which was held in Westmoreland County, Pa. He and his family then lived with, and worked with, tenant farmers in the South for 19 years, again under the care of AFSC. Wilmer taught at Pendle Hill for 12 years and became more and more involved in the peace movement. He shared three short jail terms with A. J. Muste, Lawrence Scott, and others as a result of his nonviolent activism. Until he was 93, Wilmer continued his work with Friends organizations. Gradually he became less active and had been in nursing care for the last 18 months. He is survived by his wife, Mildred Binns Young; sons, Daniel Test Young and William Young; daughter, Gretka Wolfe; nine grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; and two sisters, Florence Carpenter and Lorena Blackburn. Wilmer was a member of Arch St. (Pa.) Meeting.

Poets & Reviewers

Andrea Brazer-Rush, member of Logan (Utah) Meeting, attends Lake Forest (Ill.) Monthly Meeting. She is assistant professor of human development, aging, and gerontology at the University of Wisconsin-Parkside.
Winifred Rawlins, an accomplished poet, is a member of Providence (Pa.) Meeting.
C.H. Mike Yarrow is now retired in Boulder, Colo., after 20 years on the staff of the American Friends Service Committee. An AFSC Board member, he is the author of *Quaker Experiences in International Conciliation*.

Resources

- International Seminars on Training for Non-violent Action, Box 515, Waltham, MA 02254, has published a nine-session study guide on nonviolent alternatives to the use of lethal arms, *U.S. Defense Policy: Mainstream Views and Nonviolent Alternatives*. 1/\$5.50 plus \$2 postage and handling.
- *Is There a Better Way? A Perspective on American Prisons* is a pamphlet on the history of incarceration and alternative punishment. Free. From Prison Fellowship, P.O. Box 40562, Washington, DC 20016. Prison Fellowship was founded by Charles W. Colson.



T-SHIRTS FOR OUTREACH

Sold by Advancement and Outreach Committee, Baltimore Yearly Meeting.

Make checks to:

Gladys Swift

4401 Highland Ave.

Bethesda, MD 20014

Phone: (301) 654-8948

\$4.00 each—Sizes:

Child 2-4, 6-8, 10-12, 14-16

Adult 34-36, 38-40, 42-44, 46-48

(Orders over 10 items, \$3.50 each)

Tote bags also, same pattern, same price. Please include donation for postage.

Why not consider subscribing?
Just \$12.00 will bring you 19
issues of FRIENDS JOURNAL.



THANK YOU!

The greatly increased financial support Friends General Conference has received from individuals, monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings has enabled us to balance our budget for the year ending 9/30/83. Even though we cut staff and other expenses to the minimum, we still could not have made it through the year without your help. Thank you.

We will need your continuing financial support in the fiscal year now beginning in order to maintain a full staff and to be able to respond to the growing number of requests for service from member meetings. Increasingly, these requests (especially for visitation) are coming from established yearly meetings as well as the newer meetings to the west and south. Please make your plans to participate in our work by including FGC in your giving plans now.

You will soon be getting an appeal letter in the mail. You may send your donation in the return envelope included in that appeal, or mail it directly to **Friends General Conference, 1520-B Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.**

Advertising in FRIENDS JOURNAL: A Smart Move

Have you a service to offer, a product to sell, or a talent to promote? How about announcements, messages, or personal requests? Are you looking for a job, or do you have a job to fill?

FRIENDS JOURNAL advertising can help you advance whatever you have to offer. The JOURNAL reaches a worldwide audience of Friends and supporters. By advertising within these pages you can help yourself and this publication at the same time.

Over 25,000 people read each issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL.

Placing a classified in the JOURNAL is a smart way to reach people who share your interests and concerns. Classifieds cost 30¢ per word, minimum charge \$6. (A FRIENDS JOURNAL box number counts as three words.) Add 10% if boxed. A 10% discount is available when you advertise in three consecutive issues, 25% discount for six or more consecutive issues. Copy must remain the same. Information on display rates sent upon request.

So share your interest with a Friendly audience. Send your ad on the coupon below to: Larry Spears, FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1501 Cherry St., Dept. 5, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

() payment enclosed () please bill me

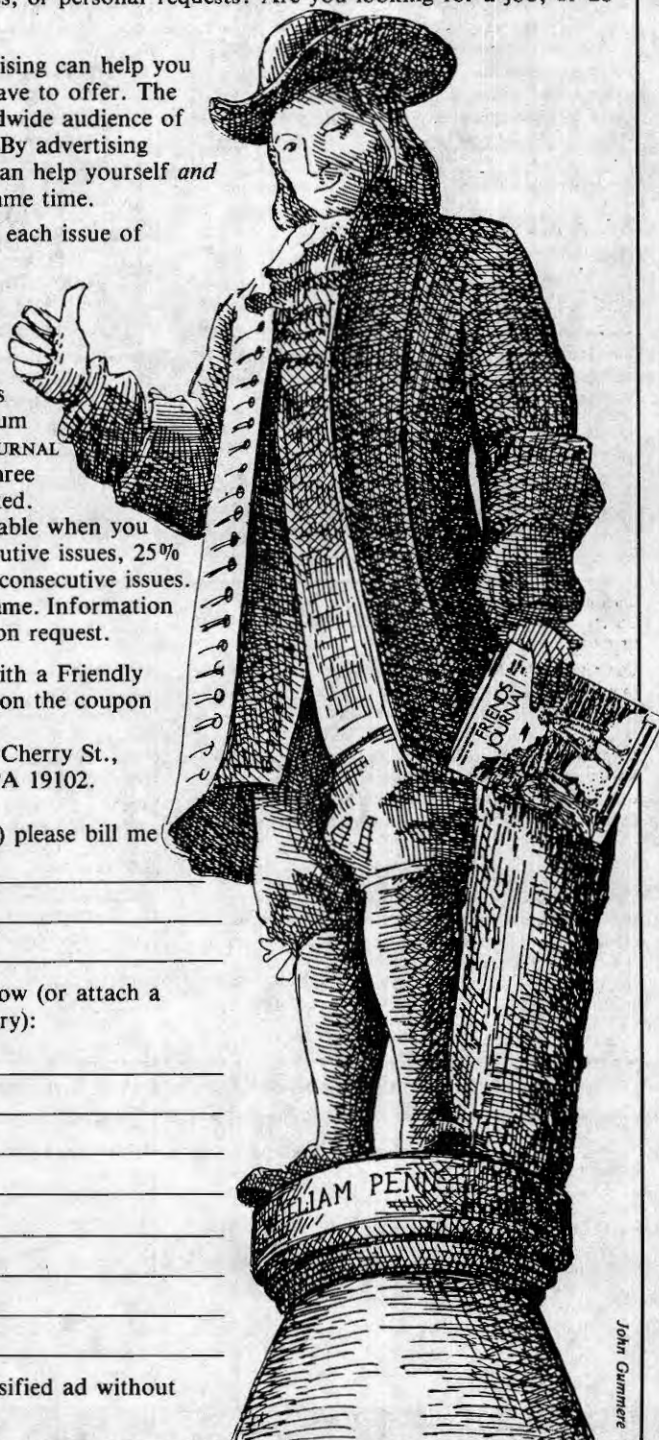
Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Print your classified below (or attach a separate sheet if necessary):

You may send us a classified ad without using this form.



CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED RATES

MINIMUM CHARGE \$6.00. 30¢ per word. Please send payment with order. (A Friends Journal box number counts as three words.) Add 10% if boxed. 10% discount for 3 consecutive insertions, 25% for 6.

Appearance of any advertisement does not imply endorsement by Friends Journal.

Copy deadline: 30 days before publication.

Accommodations

Montreal—accommodations, suburban tourist village. Stella Blackie, 5A Perrault, St. Anne de Bellevue, P.Q. Canada H9X 2C6. (514) 457-6311.

Orlando, Florida. Stay at Southeastern Yearly Meeting Quaker Center at Cisney House, 847 Highland Ave., (32803). Rooms available for sojourners by reservation. Also, one- and two-bedroom unfurnished apartments on year-round basis. Next to Orlando Friends Meeting. A Friendly intergenerational Quaker Community. Telephone: 305-422-8079.

Washington, D.C., bed and breakfast. Capitol Hill location. Reservations advisable. William Penn House, 515 E. Capitol St., Washington, DC 20003. Telephone: (202) 543-5560.

Mexico City Friends Center. Pleasant, reasonable accommodations. Reservations, Directors, Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Mariscal 132, Mexico 1, D.F. Friends Meeting, Sundays 11 a.m. Phone 535-2752.

New York City, The Penington, 215 E. 15th St., New York, NY 10003. Single and double occupancy. Bed and breakfast with evening meal. For reservations write or call (212) 475-9193, David P. Gould, Director.

Washington, D.C. Bed and breakfast in Friendly home. Convenient location. Children welcome. Reservations. Monthly residence also available. (202) 265-4144 evens. & weekends.

London? Stay at the Penn Club, Bedford Place, London WC1B 5JH. Friendly atmosphere. Central for Friends House, West End, concerts, theater, British Museum, university, and excursions. Telephone 01-636-4718.

Available

For holiday giving—Koinonia products—gifts that give pleasure to those who receive and help to those in need. Pecans, peanuts, fruitcake, granolas, candy, books, tapes, Cotton Patch Gospel record. Free catalog. Koinonia Partners, Rte. 2, Box F, Americus, GA 31709. (912) 924-0392.

Work-practice opportunity. Zen Community of New York training program. Room/board/stipend. 5720 Mosholu Avenue, Riverdale, NY 10471. (212) 543-5530.

Books and Publications

Steading the Landscape, poetry by Jeanne Lohmann. "A beautiful and luminous volume. . . . Her gift lifts it to the realm of universal experience" (Elizabeth Watson, Friends Journal review, 12/1/82). Available from the author, 722 Tenth Ave., San Francisco, CA 94118. 97 pages. \$5.95 plus postage.

Looking for a book? Free Search Service. Please write: Peter Sperling—Books Dept. F, Box 1766, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159.

Free search service for out-of-print books. Large stock in all fields. A-to-Z Book Service, P.O. Box 610813-F, North Miami, FL 33261.

China Gray, China Green, by Stuart Innerst, former missionary, Quaker activist; story of his lifelong involvement with the Chinese people. \$5.95 plus \$1 postage/handling. Almira Innerst Neff, 932 Craig Pl., Davis, CA 95616. (Proceeds from book to AFSC and FCNL.)

Magazine samples. Free listing of over 150 magazines offering a sample copy—\$.50 a sample. Send stamped, self-addressed #10 envelope to: Publishers Exchange, P.O. Box 220, Dept. 216A, Dunellen, NJ 08812.

Faith and Practice of a Christian Community: The Testimony of the Publishers of Truth. \$2 from Publishers of Truth, 1509 Bruce Road, Orelan, PA 19075.

Laser, a children's peace newsletter, for kids 9-15 and up. Starting second year. \$10 for 10 issues. \$1 for sample. Laser, 168 Bridge Rd., Florence, MA 01060.

Communities

Summerville Retreat—a retirement, recreational, and work community. Consider being part of a new secure and peaceful way of life. Write: A Choice for the 80's: 1086 Coney Island Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11230.

Needed: People interested in living simply and in community while engaging in a ministry of hospitality to women coming out of prison. Send resume to Search Committee, Crossroads, Inc., P.O. Box 15, Claremont, CA 91711.

Conferences

Seminar on the life and death of Abraham Joshua Heschel, Nov. 18-20, 1983. At Powell House, Quaker Retreat and Conference Center. Fritz A. Rothschild of Jewish Theological Seminary and others will speak. Further information from Dan Whitley, Powell House, RD 1, Box 160, Old Chatham, NY 12136. (518) 794-8811.

Quaker Leadership Seminar, November 14-17, 1983. United States/Developing World: Challenges to Quaker Peace Testimony. For inquiries/reservations contact William Penn House, 515 E. Capitol St., Washington, DC 20003. Telephone: (202) 543-5560.

For Rent

Senior citizens—winter in central Florida. One- and two-bedroom efficiency apartments for rent. Centrally located in Sebring, Fla. Call or write Paul Claypool, 319 Ibis Ave., Sebring, FL 33870. (813) 385-3107.

For Sale

100% Wool Fisherman's Yarn, naturals, heathers, tweeds; six weights. Samples, \$1 (refundable). Yarn Shop on the Farm, RD 2, Box 291-F, Stevens, PA 17578.

Limited edition of glowing reproduction of Edward Hicks's famous *Peaceable Kingdom*. Handsome 20" x 24" prints available for your home, school, public library, or meetinghouse. \$15 postpaid. Send check to: Planned Parenthood, Box 342, Newtown, PA 18940.

Hand-crocheted toys and granny squares, carefully made. Prices and information \$1; credited to your first order. FJ Box C-771.

Save on fresh, top-quality herbs, teas, and spices. Please send SASE for catalog. Earthsong Herb Shop, Dept. F, 330 N. First, Sandpoint, ID 83864.

Health Resort

Northern Pines Health Resort. Enjoy a healthy vacation on 80 secluded lakeside acres. Supportive environment. Weight loss, supervised fasting, stress reduction, exercise, and natural health classes. Extensive facilities. Brochure: Rt. 85, Box 279Q, Raymond, ME 04071. (207) 655-7624.

Instruction

Transpersonal Guidance Series. Expand ministering skills while learning innovative imaging and relaxation techniques for your own recreation and spiritual journeying. Surf and bell sounds. Individuals or groups. Ancient wisdom and modern research. Newsletters. High-quality, two-session audio cassette by Dr. Troy Marshall. Send check \$14.00 to Psychosyn, 597 Allison Drive, Ann Arbor, MI 48103.

Personal

Single Booklovers gets cultured, single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081 or call 215-566-2132.

Martell's offers you friendliness and warmth as well as fine foods and beverages. Oldest restaurant in Yorkville. Fireplace—sidewalk cafe. Serving lunch daily. Saturday and Sunday brunch. American-Continental cuisine. Open seven days a week until 2 a.m. 3rd Ave., corner of 83rd St., New York City. 212-861-6110. "Peace."

Positions Vacant

Position available for Environmental Education Coordinator for Pine Mountain Settlement School, a non-denominational Christian school located in the southeastern Kentucky Appalachian region. Programs encourage attitudes of responsible stewardship of the world, and work with all ages. Send inquiries to James B. Urquhart, Pine Mountain Settlement School, Bledsoe, KY 40810.

FRIENDS JOURNAL is seeking an editor-manager: a member of the Society in touch with Friends and what Friends are doing; devoted to communication among Friends and to Quaker concerns; qualified to coordinate all aspects of publishing FRIENDS JOURNAL—editorial, production, financial, staffing, etc.; able to interact with staff and board on a basis of mutual sharing and support; open to divine leading. Salary according to qualifications and requirements. Please send resume to Search Committee, FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102, by November 15.

Peace Education Program Director, Dayton, Ohio, American Friends Service Committee. Requires demonstrated experience in development of community action/education projects. Commitment to nonviolent social change. Understanding of human rights, peace, and disarmament. Good oral and written communication skills. Salary \$14,721-\$17,350, depending on qualifications. Liberal benefits. Send resume to AFSC, 915 Salem Ave., Dayton, OH 45406. Affirmative Action/Equal Opportunity Employer.

Community Relations Secretary. Responsible for work in region of Ill., Wis., and N.W. Ind. Substantial experience required in employee supervision, program development, proposal writing, budget preparation and monitoring, and developing and working with community-based projects. Applicants encouraged regardless of race, sex, or sexual/religious orientation. Resumes to Community Relations/AFSC, 407 S. Dearborn, Suite 370, Chicago, IL 60605.

Schools

The Meeting School, a challenge to creative living and learning. A Quaker high school which encourages individual growth through strong academics and an equally demanding emphasis on community cooperation. Students live in faculty homes. Art and farm programs. Co-ed, boarding, grades 9-12 and post grad, college prep. Founded in 1957. Rindge, NH 03461. (603) 899-3366.

Pine Mountain Settlement School. Opportunities to love, understand, and care for the world we live in—a way of life. Offers Appalachian environmental programs for all ages. Qualified staff and extensive library. Write to Jim Urquhart, director, Pine Mountain Settlement School, Pine Mountain, KY 40810.

Sandy Spring Friends School, Sandy Spring, Maryland 20860, 301-774-7455. 9th through 12th grade, day and boarding; 6th through 8th grades day only. Small academic classes, arts, twice weekly meeting for worship, sports, service projects, intercession projects. Individual approach, challenging supportive atmosphere. Rural campus, urban area. Headmaster: Edwin Hinshaw. School motto: "Let your lives speak."

Scattergood Friends School, Rt. 1, Box 32, West Branch, Iowa, 52358. Co-educational boarding school. Grades 9-12. College-preparatory, art, drama, and life-skills classes. Open and creative community where academic excellence and personal growth thrive. Students and faculty of many nations, races, and faiths share in cooperative work programs and simple lifestyle in a rural setting. Campus encompasses 80-acre working farm, 30-acre prairie, new solar-heated gym, and 120-year-old Quaker meetinghouse. New brochure. (319) 643-5636.

Services Offered

Moving to North Carolina? Maybe David Brown, a Quaker real estate broker, can help. Contact him at 1208 Pinewood Drive, Greensboro, NC 27410. (919) 294-2095.

General Contractor. Repairs or alterations on old or historical buildings. Storm and fire damage restored. John File, 1147 Bloomdale Road, Philadelphia, PA 19115. 464-2207.

Travel

Cruise lovely English canals in autumn peace. *England Afloat*, Box 2083, Springfield, MA 01101. (413) 736-5937.

Wanted

Springfield Monthly Meeting is looking for memorabilia, personal anecdotes, pictures, historical mementos to help celebrate its 300th anniversary in 1986. Please help! Contact Stuart BreMiller, (215) 543-3809; Charles Stratton, 544-3624; or Linda Melvin, 461-7056.

House or apartment to rent/caretake in Chicago area, January through April or June 1984. 35-year-old professional couple working downtown. Please write, Thiermann, Box 90, Philo, CA 95466.

Rental or housesitting situation, Princeton-Newtown area, eight weeks more or less, starting mid-January wanted by responsible couple. Blattenberger, Box 297, Cape May Point, NJ 08212.

Want to purchase *The Later Period of Quakerism*, by Rufus M. Jones, reprinted by Cambridge Press. Dyer, 510 Caswell Rd., Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

Caring, mature woman to live with widowed, elderly woman in retirement community near Media, Pa. No heavy household responsibilities. Salary open. For details please call collect (914) 834-3235 or (201) 762-5341.

Subscription Order/Address Change Form

Please enter a subscription to FRIENDS JOURNAL, payment for which is enclosed. One year ☐ \$12; two years ☐ \$23; three years ☐ \$34. (Extra postage outside the U.S., \$4 a year.)

☐ Enroll me as a FRIENDS JOURNAL Associate. My contribution of \$_____ is in addition to the subscription price and is tax deductible.

☐ Change my address to: (For prompt processing, send changes before the fifth of the month and indicate your old zip code on this line) _____

Your name: _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

☐ This is a gift subscription in my name for: _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

FRIENDS JOURNAL, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102



- Stapeley Hall Boarding Home • Stapeley West Apartments • Health Care Center

A TRADITION OF FELLOWSHIP, SECURITY, AND CARE.....

Stapeley Hall, a Friends boarding home for the elderly, is expanding its facilities by creating a new community, Stapeley In Germantown. In true Quaker tradition, Stapeley In Germantown offers affordable care to moderate income people. Located on the 5 acres of land where Stapeley Hall opened in 1904, Stapeley In Germantown will provide private rooms within the framework of a boarding home, independent living units, and a health care center. We invite inquiries by mail or phone. Our number is 215 843-5650.

Cut off and return to Stapeley Hall • 6300 Greene Street • Philadelphia, PA 19144

- ☐ I am (We are) interested in learning more about Stapeley In Germantown
- ☐ Stapeley Hall Boarding Home ☐ Stapeley West Apartments ☐ Health Care Center
- ☐ Please contact me (us) about Stapeley In Germantown

Name(s) _____

Address _____

I can be reached by phone at: Home _____ Work _____

Remarks _____